CAN JOHN L. LEWIS FREE MOONEY?

JULY 24,
1937

Liberty

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R.C. KAUFFMANN

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JULY 24, 1937
Liberty
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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
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WE ALL *Hate* A DICTATOR

WE have a great deal to say about the value of freedom.

"Give me liberty, or give me death!" is a well worn slogan.

And when we talk of such privileges, what comes to us most specifically? Are we not thinking mostly of the home we love?

Whether it is a hovel, a room, an apartment, or a palatial mansion, it is still the haven we call home.

We are much gratified by the belief that our right of possession is sacredly upheld by our government.

American democracy definitely maintains that a man's home is his castle. None is allowed to invade this sacred precinct as long as we obey the laws of the land. But with a dictatorial government, with a dictator who makes and executes the laws, who interprets and penalizes those who break them, such an official can be as tyrannical as he likes.

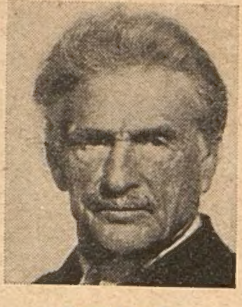
In the past despots have entered the people's homes, outraged wives and daughters, and laid waste to lands, and there was no redress. We should let no system which might breed such type of rule encroach upon us and our liberties.

Turn to one of the major countries where at the present time crimes are committed by government officials that are almost beyond human belief.

If the head of any particular family in that particular country does not favor the government, at any time he is liable to receive an official notice to call at the office of the central government. He bids his family good-by and he disappears absolutely. He is never seen again. Imagine, if you can, the horror of such an appalling infringement of the rights of citizenship.

There are many faults in our governmental system. Perfection will doubtless never be found this side of heaven. But the capitalistic democracy we have created here in this country is so far above and beyond the dictatorial system of various foreign countries that comparisons are odious.

The statesmen who wrote our Constitution, and expressed therein the views of their colleagues, were philosophers. In fact, the condensed wisdom of most American statesmen at that time seemed closely allied to the Divinity's.


BERNARR MACFADDEN

To avoid the very disaster that now threatens us, they created three classes of officials: First, the legislators, who make the laws; second, the executive branch, which enforces the laws; and third, the judiciary, which penalizes those who infringe the laws and upholds these laws within constitutional limits.

Here they had three definite classes of officials. No group was allowed to infringe upon the other; and the tendency which we find at Washington today for one class of officials to create and enforce the laws, and even dominate the judiciary, is a situation that is appalling to the average American.

We don't want a dictatorship. There are times when there are great emergencies in which such a procedure is desired, where action must be immediate. But rarely are such powers necessary unless we are dealing with wartime conditions.

A democracy, we must admit, is slow moving. There are occasions when we pay a heavy price for our failure to act with effective rapidity. But that is one price we pay for the liberties we enjoy.

And we will have to admit that there can only be one general in an army. And there is a chief executive in every great business organization. But when the interests of a whole people are at stake, the people must be protected against the possibility of being forced to follow the judgment of one mind.

As a nation we should have the advantage of the combined wisdom of many minds, and checks and counterchecks such as have been set up by the founders of our government should be rigidly maintained.

They say the old-time American spirit is gone; that soft living and coddling have robbed us of our old-time elemental force.

I believe this statement is false. It is my opinion that there is plenty of spirited manhood and valiant womanhood among our people.

I believe we want to retain unsullied the principles of government that have made us a great and powerful nation.

Bernarr Macfadden

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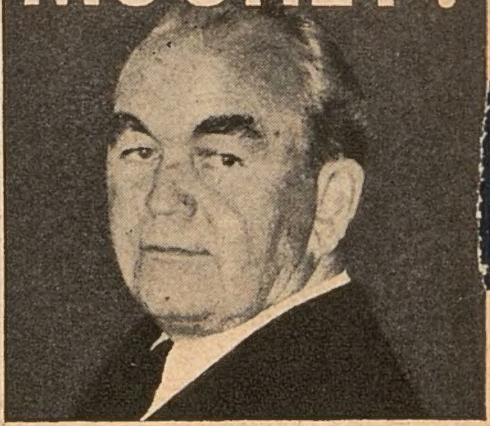
Can JOHN L. LEWIS free MOONEY?



After 20 years, Labor's 'martyr' finds a new, powerful champion

By EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME
4 MINUTES
20 SECONDS

TOM MOONEY has begun to hope anew for freedom. Hope has surged in him many times in the twenty years since he was convicted of making and exploding a bomb that killed eight people watching the Preparedness parade in San Francisco on July 22, 1916. Great organizations, statesmen, lawyers, politicians, humanitarians have waged a constant fight for him. But California has believed him guilty and held on to him grimly.

But now Mooney has heard the battle hymn of Labor.

Labor is at war in the United States. Its armies are winning battles. Great industrial plants fight bitterly, and capitulate. Men are maimed, choked and blinded and made ill with gas, shot and clubbed and stoned to death. Others join the ranks. Today Labor is mighty and will prevail, Tom Mooney feels sure.

Right now, embattled Labor has no time for Mooney. But his day is coming soon. It will be the day John L. Lewis names. The statement of John Brophy, director of the Committee for Industrial Organization, one of Lewis' ablest generals, is highly significant:

"The various international unions that comprise the C. I. O. have all, at one time or another, taken the stand favoring Mooney's release. We haven't yet held a convention. But when we do, this subject, without doubt, will be a matter for consideration. And for action."

"What sort of action?" I asked. "Will you call a general strike in California? Will you go to President Roosevelt? Or will you wait until 1940, on the chance that Lewis may be elected the next President?"

"When the convention of the C. I. O. is held," Mr. Brophy answered, "it will undoubtedly determine the line of action to be taken."

Mooney was always a Labor man. But when he was convicted after that explosion, Labor disowned him. Only when it appeared that some witnesses against him had lied did Labor's fight to free him begin.

Born in Chicago, December 8, 1882, Mooney was the son of an immigrant miner. He went to work at fourteen. He became a journeyman iron molder. He worked all over the country. He was an agitator. He believed in the use of dynamite. He helped found the Red magazine, The Revolt, which fomented strikes, preached violence, and breathed hatred of all United States institutions.

He had been an I. W. W. He was a friend of Emma Goldman and other noted anarchists. He had been arrested before when found with an infernal machine.

At the murder trial, Frank C. Oxman of Durkee, Oregon, swore that on July 22, 1916, in San Francisco, he had seen a car containing four men and a woman drive up to the fateful street corner. One of the men, whom he later identified as Mooney, was holding a suitcase, he declared, and handed it to a friend who, Oxman said, was Billings, who was arrested with Mooney. Billings, Oxman testified, left the suitcase against a wall about 1.50 P. M. Later he said, 1.30 or 1.40.

John McDonald, a drifting waiter who had just come out of a hospital, swore he too had seen Mooney and Billings there with the suitcase sometime after one o'clock.

Dozens of honest people had seen the suitcase lying against the wall. The only questions at issue were as to when it had been placed there and by whom.

The defense submitted three photographs showing Mooney and his wife on the roof of a building a mile and a half away. A clock on the street below showed the time —a few minutes before the bomb exploded. The defense contended it would have been almost impossible for Mooney to have left the bomb at Market and Steuart streets at 1.50, and have arrived on the roof of the building in time to have those pictures made. The jury believed the witnesses and thought the photos lied.

Later, Oxman was tried for perjury and was acquitted. McDonald made affidavit that he had perjured himself. Other witnesses retracted or hedged.

Yet there are thousands and thousands of Californians who believe Mooney and his gang are guilty. Some say:

"These birds were dynamiters. Both were against everything the parade represented. We know they exploded that bomb. What if the witnesses did lie?"

Mooney was sentenced to be hanged, but President Wilson appointed a commission to investigate, and California commuted the sentence to life imprisonment.

There are some points of similarity between John Lewis and Tom Mooney. Lewis was also the son of an immigrant miner. He too was born in the Middle West— in Lucas, Iowa. He is two years older than Mooney. He started to work in the mines when he was twelve. Like Mooney, he worked all over the country. Like Mooney, he was ever a strong advocate of union labor, an organizer, a talker.

But he never was a dynamiter. He never resorted to violence, until recently. He advocated arbitration and legislation rather than force. He has frequently denounced the Reds and denounced Fascism.

Since he broke with the American Federation of Labor, he has enrolled more than half a million men in the C. I. O. He has friends in high office. If he can't free Tom Mooney, "the martyr of Labor," nobody can.

THE END

THE PICK OF THE LOT

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Bully-Boy's Daughter

BY BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

MELILLA is the pearl of the Pacific. So is Samarai. So is Tahiti. So are many others—one is told. But, on the whole, give me Melilla. It is small enough to deserve its name, and lovely enough to be called a diamond instead of a pearl. It has the sugar-white shore, the opaline lagoon, the tall dreaming palms of story. Its little bungalows, red-roofed and snowy-painted, shine out from gardens gay with frangipani, stephanotis, gardenia, and golden allamanda. You may walk around it in thirty minutes, hearing almost all the time no sound but the rustle of palms turning over and over their long books of leaves, the ceaseless sighing of sad casuarinas, and, far away, that strange breathing murmur, like a half-human swarm of bees, that is the voice of the reef.

You will return to your ship regretting you scarce know what—the years you have wasted, and still must waste, in city streets; the youth that has left you; the love you lost. Something of all these you could recover, so you think, if you could only stay here on Melilla, home of peace. . . .

You go on, and do not know.

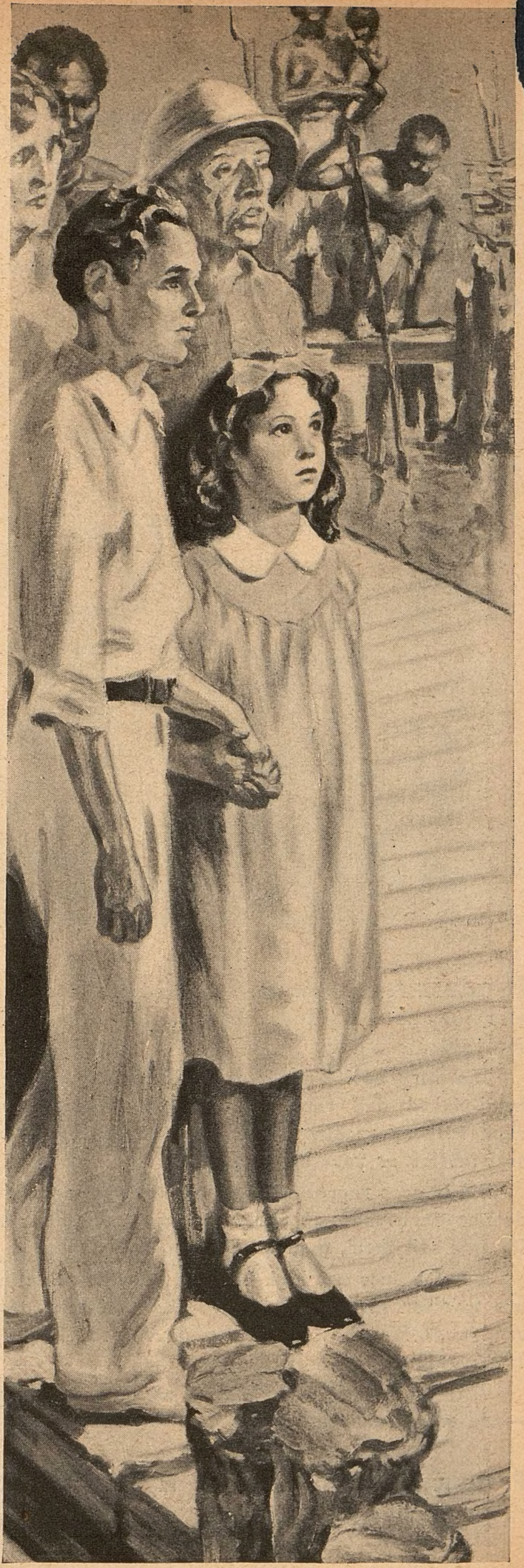
. . . .

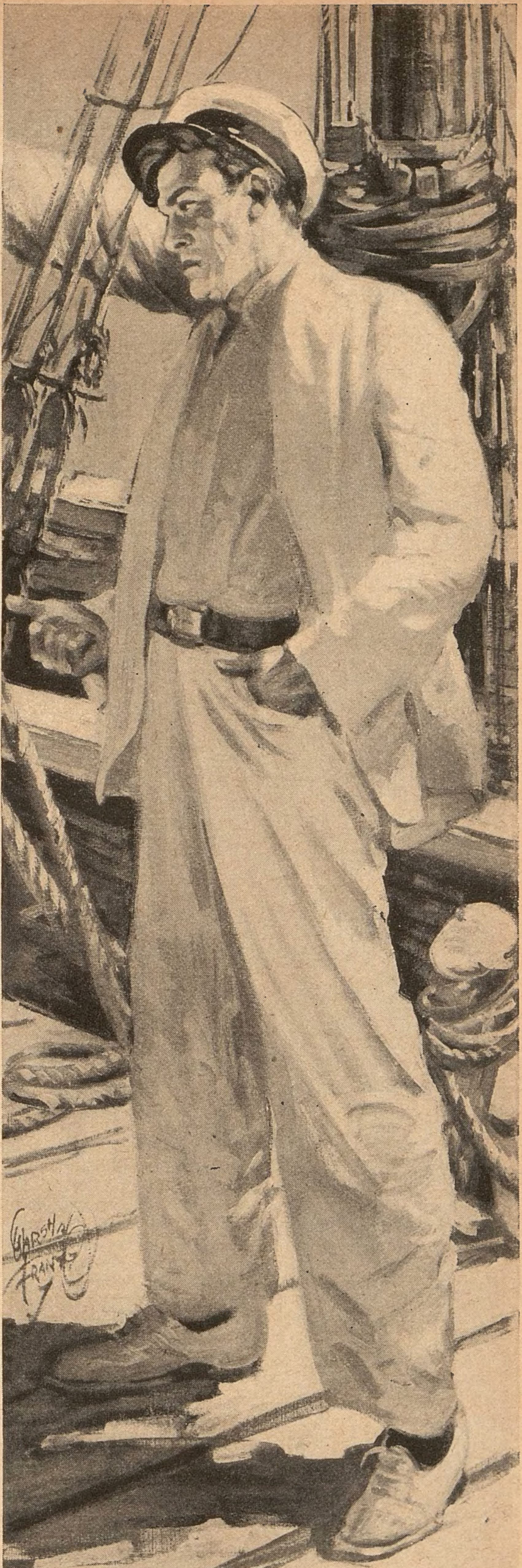
There were thirty-two white women on Melilla, and in the full glare of a November afternoon they were visiting one another. They were out with the one object: that of looking up each separate woman on the island and drawing conclusions from what they saw.

Tragedy had struck Melilla. A native girl, fishing on the reef at early dawn, had seen a small canoe running out with the tide. Canoes are treasure-trove. Litia paddled swiftly after the little craft, secured it—and found, to her amazement, that it contained a newborn white baby roughly wrapped up in paper.

She brought the canoe and the baby in triumphantly. The canoe, it soon appeared, she could not keep. It was the property of an islander who had left it on the beach and knew nothing at all about this unauthorized borrowing. But the baby she brought to her husband, explaining that, since she had lately lost her own, she would undertake to keep it. When they unwrapped it from its brown-paper clothing they found it was a girl. Litia said they would call her Coral.

The little thing had come to the world too soon; nevertheless, with care, they thought that they could rear her. Litia was as angry as a gentle islander could be over the cruelty of the person or persons unknown who had set the child adrift to live or die; but neither she nor her husband nor any one else on the island (despite the fact that the news went around within an hour) had any idea who it might be.





"Whose is that kid?" barked Bully Boy. It was the boy Pierce, unafraid, who answered. "Yours," he said.

Within that hour the hunt was up and the women were out—visiting.

They met one another everywhere; they called at every house. They scanned one another with sharp eyes. Nobody who was tired dared to sit down on the seats under the palms. They kept on walking.

By ten o'clock every woman on the island had been accounted for, and the searchers stood amazed.

Three were still indoors; but the others had determinedly gone after those and looked them up. Winnie, the barmaid of the Universe Hotel, was down with malarial fever. A deputation visited her.

Two remained: the Resident's daughter and a young schoolteacher who had come to the islands on probation. A trader's wife volunteered for the dangerous service of invading the Residency; a ship carpenter's daughter, burning with curiosity, declared herself game to go and look up Miss Margaret Rutland.

Under the palms they all met again, and it was—"Well?" and "Well?"

The trader's wife said: "Miss Brander was on the veranda. She has sprained her ankle; it was tied up, on a chair. She didn't turn a hair when I told her—just seemed annoyed about something."

Gladys, the carpenter's daughter, reported: "I found Margaret Rutland in the church. I couldn't see her anywhere when I called at the house; and when I asked that old Bessie, the Irishwoman who does her work, she said she didn't know, and what did I want her for? So I said, to call on her; and she muttered something and went off—she's a cross old thing. So I said to myself, No one can be hidden on Melilla; you've got to be somewhere. And then I thought of the church; and I just looked in, and there she was in the front pew, kneeling on a hassock and praying with her hands over her face. So I mentioned something about their having found a child, and she never heard me—just went on praying—and I came away."

Silence followed.

"There's been a storm somewhere last night," Mrs. Batchelor said inconsequently. Then, looking at the other women, "What do you think?"

"I think Joan Brander," Mrs. Wilkins volunteered. "With her sprained ankle!"

Somebody said uncertainly, "Miss Rutland?" And Gladys was moved to speak—she did not know why. "Miss Rutland's a saint," she breathed. "Every one knows that."

Mrs. Wilkins said reluctantly, "Why, yes. They say she almost converted that awful captain, Bully Boy, when he called here with his scandalous schooner in the northwest; some one said they'd even seen him at church."

"He was seen out walking with Joan Brander," some one hastily volunteered. "After dark." Immediately there was a sinister silence. But in a minute all the women were talking together; and on the flood of their talk the name of Joan Brander, daughter of Colonel Brander, Resident and representative of the Crown, went tossing to and fro like weed in the grip of the tides. . . .

Within the quiet church Margaret Rutland lay upon the pavement. She had fallen there after Gladys left the church. And it was there that old Bessie found her when she hurried in, full of fears. Bessie had left the girl leaning on the cushioned chair in the front pew when the hue and cry began, and had thought her, for

Romance, loyalty against the odds of scorn—A colorful tale of two young hearts in a faraway tropical land

that hour, safe. Dismayed, she lifted the slender body from the flagstones. " Look up, me girl," she urged her. " Keep your heart up. Sure, there's no one had a right to be blamin' you, if all was told, you that knew nothing. You're as pure in the soul of you as a lily—and sure, when I told you it was dead, I meant it for the best. It was only the bad luck and the tides that brought it back on you— Heaven be merciful, she's going! "

Heaven was merciful; in that moment she went.

Over Joan Brander the hue and cry passed away, leaving her with her swollen and burning ankle and her jealous memories that burned no less. The school authorities buried Margaret under a stone on which were graved her name and the dates of her birth and death, only nineteen years apart.

Litia was allowed to keep Coral, for the time.

And Pierce of the shanty on the beach—Pierce, son of a widowed mother, spoiled baby allowed to run alone about the island—Pierce, for the first time in his small life, was made to realize that women were fickle creatures. Nobody wanted Pierce on the day of the hunt; it seemed as if the women, that day, didn't care for little boys.

Feeling neglected, he had sought the hotel, and pattered into the bar, which was crowded with men. There were no men about on the roadways of the island, none visible on the verandas of the houses. It was almost as if they had gone into hiding, turned their faces determinedly away from something that they didn't like. But Pierce, when he ventured in, was greeted by a shout.

" Run away from the angry cats, little puppy, have y'? " some one asked, seizing him and setting him on the counter. " Come to the doggies to be safe, have y', for fear y'll be scratched? "

" Where's angry cats? " the child demanded.

One of the men, Rice by name, who was half drunk, began to answer him; but Richards, the man who was holding Pierce, kicked at the speaker, and Pierce only gathered that " the cats " were displeased because of the little white girl in the native village. When the men let him go, he ran away to Litia's house, eager to see the little girl who was causing so much trouble.

Pierce found the baby with Litia, cradled in her arms. At his earnest request, she laid the child upon a mat, in full sun, so that he might see it close. And Pierce, for the first time, looked upon the girl who was to mark his life.

" You likem? " Litia asked, picking up once more the little bundle of beauty and misfortune.

Pierce stammeringly but determinedly said, " Give her to me! "

Litia, gently rocking the child, said, " Some day; now you run home to your mammy."

WHEN Bully Boy's (otherwise John Walter Beckenham, master mariner's) schooner came skating into the port of Melilla, leaning to the southeast trade, it was only twelve years since his first disastrous call. But there had been many changes.

Dark jealous Joan had married an official she didn't care for, and gone away to Fiji. All the school people had been transferred. Mrs. Wilkins had had six children and taken them and herself and her husband to Sydney. Gladys, who had helped in hunting " rare pale Margaret " to death, was dead herself, and so were many others. Only fourteen of the thirty-two women remained. Among the men, Rice and Richards were still to be seen in the hotel as of old.

Pierce, now sixteen, was there, and Pierce's mother, gone down as far as a white woman could go, living no one knew how, and drinking herself to death.

Coral lived with her. No one on the island had been willing to take the child from the native village when she grew past babyhood; but Mabel Jones, good-natured in those early days, and desirous of having an unpaid servant about the house for the time when she should grow old, had offered to adopt her. The other women, lest she should rue her bargain, took care to see the adoption was legalized.

When the famous schooner Rubiana was sighted outside the passage of the reef, Melilla awoke to wild excitement. It was in the before-the-war time; blackbirding and gunrunning were rare but not yet extinct; no one knew quite what the intentions of Bully Boy and his ship might be toward the unprotected island. Down on the jetty almost the whole population swiftly gathered.

John Beckenham and his bravoes came ashore. Not the least eager was Pierce, that likely lad, big for his age and handsome too; Pierce, almost a man, though but sixteen, with faint golden down beginning to show on the hard cheeks below the curly mat of reddish hair; Pierce, who, as almost always, was accompanied by the pretty, strange-looking creature, Coral.

Today he had an object in securing her company. Usually the pair were content, like brother and sister, idly to stray together about the low-tide reefs, fishing and shelling; or to paddle in a canoe, after school was dismissed, over to neighboring islets where you could find fat pigeons and turtle eggs. But when the Rubiana was sighted, and the cry of " Sail-O! " ran like fire round Melilla, Pierce had hurriedly told Coral—who was crying that day—to dress herself in her best, wipe her eyes and brush her hair, and come along with him.

Richards, almost an old man now and a good deal more sober than of yore, met the two on the wharf. " Where y' going? " he demanded brusquely.

Pierce said coolly, " I'm taking Coral to her father."

" You're—what? "

" You heard me."

IS it because of what the old woman's doing? " All the island knew that Mabel Jones, long widowed and growing short of money for her favorite vice, had arranged to let out little Coral as a general servant in the low-class hotel at the far end of the island. Most people had said it was a " cruel shame," but Pierce had gone further. He had told his mother that he would see her (unprintably principled) before he'd let the girl go to such a (decorated substantive) of a place. And now he had taken Coral by the hand and led her, a little Alice-in-Wonderland figure with her flying black hair and her pinafore and her strapped shoes, down to the wharf, as soon as the ship was signaled from the hill.

He did not answer Richards, but Richards knew. There was not much the old man did not know. They said he had been a lawyer of sorts before . . .

" I reckon it's that," he said. " Don't y' know y' can't do anything? Coral was properly adopted and nobody's a right to interfere. You be a good girl," he said, turning his sharp eyes to Coral, " and nothing can harm you. A good girl—"

" Good grandmother! " was Pierce's scornful comment. " Ma Batt's hotel is a you-know-what—nothing else." He glanced at Coral.

Coral wasn't listening. " There's a man coming ashore," she said interestedly, " and he's looking at me."

There were more than the man looking at Coral in another minute—at her and at the man himself. Bully Boy, passing up the jetty with his inimitable strut, his rebellious crop of hair, thick and thunder-black, pushing his captain's cap to one side, his yellow-hazel eyes, bright as a hawk's and as a hawk's relentless, scanning the wharf, the people, and the town—had come to a sudden stop before Coral.

" Whose is that kid? " he barked.

It was Pierce, unafraid, who answered. " Yours," he said. And John Walter Beckenham, remembering with a stab the face he had been used to see in the glass before drink and bedevilment darkened the clear eyes, knew that the boy spoke true.

The whole crowd waited, breathless, while Bully Boy bent to the child and, taking her chin in his hand, said, " Where's your mother? "

Coral, gazing with strange confidence into the face so like her own, said, " Dead! "

" What killed her? " fell from Bully Boy's lips coldly, like drops of ice.

It was Richards now who pushed the child aside and in a few cutting words told Beckenham the tale of the day when the island women were out on the hunt; of the girl who had been hunted.

Bully Boy did a curious thing then. He picked up the child in his arms, kissed her, and set her down. And even as his lips left hers, he called down a curse on the women of Melilla that made the hair on Richards' head prickle while he listened.

"Go to your mother," Beckenham said to Pierce, at last, "and tell her that I'm taking what belongs to me."

From behind him, breathless, came the voice of Mabel: "You don't know the law if you think you can do that! You've got no right to her. I adopted her and that made me her guardian. Now, then, Captain Smarty!"

Pierce, watching closely, was amazed to see a flash that was not all anger light up the hawk eyes as his mother spoke.

It was when she said "guardian," thought the boy. "Now, I wonder!"

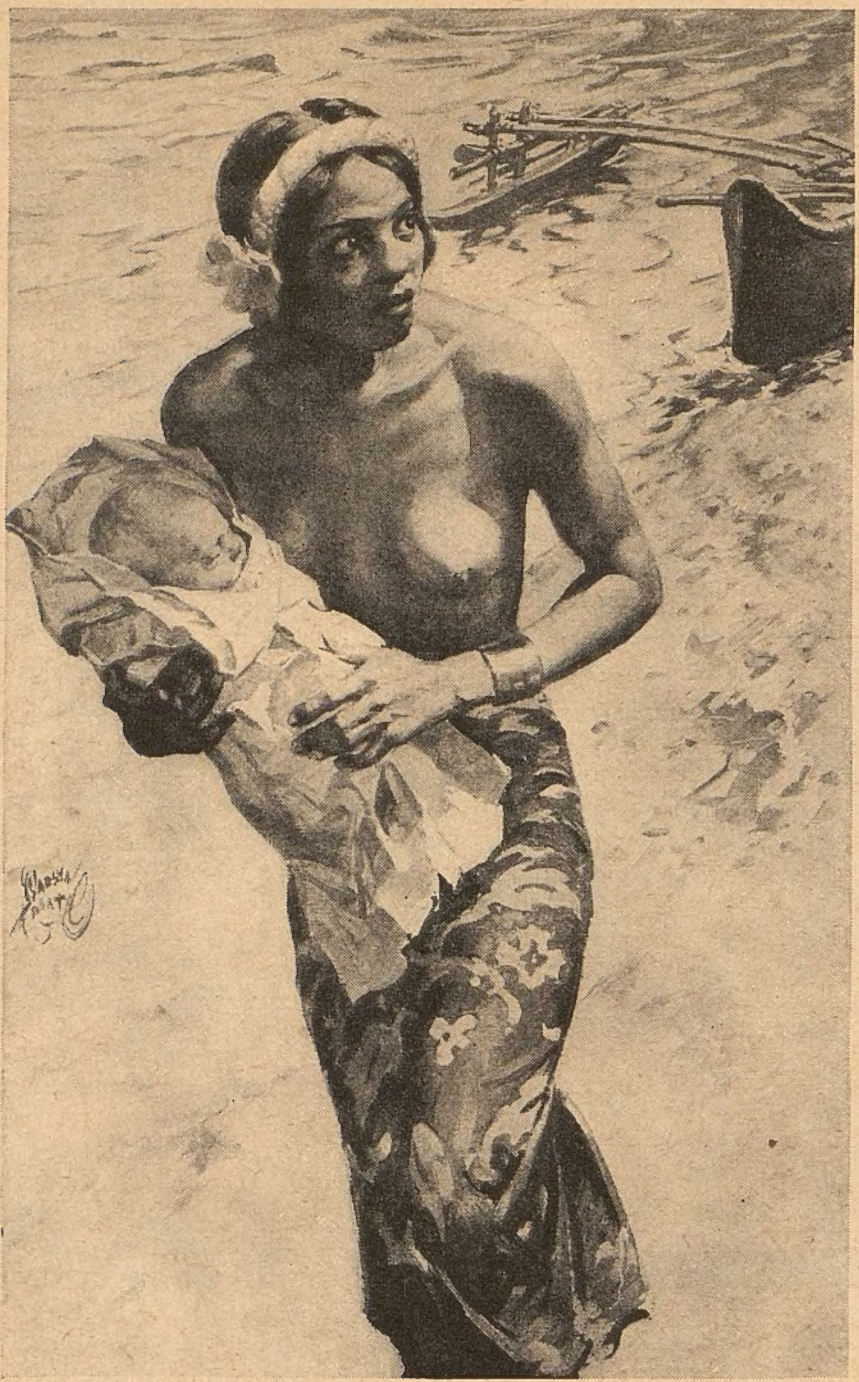
If the folk collected on the wharf had thought to see thunder and lightning strike the audacious Mabel, if they had expected they knew not what of lawless doings, they were disappointed. All but Richards. Richards had read that face. He chuckled inly. Wait! he thought. They say that Bully Boy does what he wants, if heaven and hell stand between.

We'll see something.

Bully Boy, turning his back on the triumphant Mabel, quietly stepped back on board and beckoned to him with a finger Richards and young Pierce.

Coral walked away by herself. She was not crying now. It seemed as if she had caught something from the hard face with the hazel eyes as it looked for two pregnant moments into her own. She seated herself on a bench that commanded a good view of the schooner Rubiana—and waited. She did not know what was going to be done, but she knew that Pierce would do it.

One by one the island people trickled back to houses, to offices, to work. John Walter Beckenham, his cap a little farther than usual over one ear, went, with his dancing step and dancing eyes, up the coral roadway to the stores, where he gave an excellent order and—amazingly—paid for it in cash. The bo's'n whispered to the mate, "Thought we was to've got them stores aboard and paid the bill with the mainsheet, sir?" But the mate, reproving him (for the mate had a sense of humor), said, "No, certainly not; we're on the saintly dodge this time—like we were last call, or so they say." The bo's'n said he heard as the beer was good at Mother Batt's, touched his cap and went. The mate made for the main street hotel, where one could keep a sharp lookout.


The native girl brought the baby in triumphantly.

What he saw seemed innocent enough. Only a ship's captain, perfectly sober and well behaved, walking round the island, as every one sooner or later did on Melilla, because there was really nothing else to do. And a boy of sixteen walking with him to point out the sights. And by and by a grizzle-haired man, who had apparently met the two by accident, joining them in their walk. And then, the boy dismissed. But Richards stood long beside the captain on an empty space of coral beach where no one could overhear, talking and talking.

When Richards finally walked away, Bully Boy, seeing the mate on the hotel veranda, crooked a finger at him. And the mate came and took his orders.

MABEL was unusually sober when Pierce came back, and therefore unusually dull. She did not see that he was bright-eyed and eager, and that something undoubtedly had occurred to please him. But when he came to her after supper with a sheet of paper and told her eagerly that he had a plan to keep Carol safe, she wondered a little. The boy was so reserved as a rule, that she couldn't understand this outburst.

When he showed her the contents of the paper, she was moved to wild and indecorous laughter. Pierce had written out in his own hand a statement, to be signed by her, permitting him to marry Coral.

"What's the good of that?" she chuckled. "Nobody can't marry children."

It was Pierce's misfortune—a strange one, considering his parentage—that he could not lie. Certain new knowledge weighed heavy on his mind as he answered Mabel falteringly. "That's what they say."

"Well, what do you want me signing papers for?"

"You said," Pierce reminded her, "that it didn't mean anything."

"Yes, and it doesn't." Mabel was growing sulky; her afternoon beer was long in arriving by the hands of the messenger she had sent to Ma Batt's.

Pierce said, "It would give one power over her."

He had hit on the right word. Mabel, being a weak character, loved power, and her authority had been threatened that afternoon. The boy with the beer arrived opportunely. "Gimme the pen!" she snapped.

"I suppose," she said, as she scrawled her name carelessly at the foot of the paper, "that you'll be wanting to marry her proper when you're both grown up. There may be two words to that, my lad."

Pierce was glad that he could answer truthfully. "No, I shan't want to marry her when I grow up," he said, glancing outside the window. Was that Richards coming along, or was it not?

It was Richards, drifting into Mabel's cottage as casually as if he had been blown there by the wind. Old Rice was with him—Rice, who also had been one of the men in the bar on that hunting morning long ago. They hadn't much to say. They gossiped a little about Bully Boy and his arrival; reckoned the storekeepers were in luck to see the color of his money. . . . What was it Mabel had been doing? Making her will? No? What say? Lord, but that was a proper joke! Ha-ha-ha! They'd put the cap on it; give us the pen here. . . . "Witnesses, William Rice and Bob Richards, traders." . . .

Mabel, deep in her second billycan of beer, saw them scratch their names; saw Pierce fold up the paper and thrust it into his pocket; saw the two men casually stroll out; went with unsteady steps to her bedroom and tumbled on the bed.

And Pierce and Rice and Richards—once a lawyer—went hotfoot to the seat below the mangoes where little Coral waited. Coral, who, with the sun falling upon her flat silk hair and the sea light in her falcon eyes, was more than ever like John Walter Beckenham.

Rice nudged Richards, saying aside, " She'll be for laying down the law to her man by and by." And Richards, answering, his eyes fixed on Coral, said, " Aye, but who wouldn't take it, at the price—by and by? " And Pierce, who was but half man as yet, and half child, looked at them, half understanding.

Richards had spoken to Coral, and now it was Rice who took the lead. " Are y' ready, my girl? " he asked.

Coral wasted no words. She got up and nodded. All four together took the road that led to the private house of the missionary.

The sun went down swiftly, after the way of the South Sea world, where suns and lives are hot and quickly ended. Black-purple, curved like the cowl of a monkshood flower, the night sky leaned above Melilla. . . .

Bully Boy, on his schooner, was weighing anchor. The anchor chains struck up their wanderers' song, and out at sea the reef made answer to the land wind blowing down. And the heart of Pierce—Pierce going at last—beat as yours beat once when you heard the chains clank through the hawsepipes, and smelled the open sea.

All the people were collected to see the schooner go; and in the minds of most of them there dwelt an immense amazement. For Bully Boy had come back, and heard the tale that made men swear and clench their teeth even now; and he had done nothing, bought his stores, taken wood and water, and was quietly making sail. What could it mean?

Mabel, recovered from her drunken fit, had some idea what it meant when she woke up and saw that Pierce and the child were gone. Crying vengeance, she ran down the darkened pathway toward the jetty and reached the wharf just as the mate and the bo's'n appeared and swung themselves up the Rubiana's side. She heard the captain say sharply, " Business done? " and the men answer, touching their caps to him, " Yes, sir "; but she took no notice. All her eyes were for the figure of Pierce upon the deck, and Coral beside him.

" I'll have the law! " she screamed. " There's a Resident magistrate—he knows the law. He'll right me, you villain, stealing away my son and my adopted child. Pierce, come back—you've no right to go! Coral, what do you mean, you hussy? The very next steamer that ever calls here, I'll have cables sent, and have you all in jail if you go, I will. I'll have the law, I say! "

Through the creaking and rattling of the sails, as they were hoisted, Bully Boy effortlessly made himself heard: " You're talking nonsense! My new second mate has every right to take his wife with him if he pleases."

" His wife! Children ain't wives! "

" If you like to look up your local library—or to consult Mr. Richards—or the Resident—or the mission—you'll find that twelve is the age of marriage for a girl in a British possession. With the consent of her parents or guardians. Which you so kindly gave. Twelve for a girl and fourteen for a boy. Quite absurd, but true."

Once Mabel had been a clever woman; once swift to command herself. She may have called on that vanished self for a moment. At all events, she ceased her screaming and, white beneath the growing moonlight, called as the ship began to move, " My son! I've a right to my son till he's twenty-one."

" Oh, no," Bully Boy answered, coolly regarding her as he leaned across the rail. " Only till he's sixteen. Look up your library."

There was not a woman on the island who did not know—though many of the men did not—that nameless children come of age five years sooner than others.

AND a lurking doubt about Mabel and her late partner in life, never solved till now, became suddenly a flaming certainty.

Flaming. . . . The simile may not have been in their minds, but well it might have been. For, as the ship laid more and more black water between herself and Melilla, there broke away among the houses at the back of the main street, suddenly, the terrible blossoms of fire. With the trade wind blowing as it blows on August nights, with no civilized fire brigade to help, with all the people at first well out of reach, the fire had its way. Fourteen houses, furnished and full of goods and treasures—those houses belonging to the fourteen women who were left out of the thirty-two who had joined in that hunt twelve years ago—were laid in ashes before the Rubiana was out of sight.

Coral, standing by her father on the swaying deck, her hand in Pierce's hand, laughed as she saw the flames go up to heaven.

She knew the story. She had always known it. Something strange and wild in her was suddenly freed at that moment. She let go Pierce's hand and danced with joy upon the deck.

" Bully, I'll stay with you and him, won't I? " she cried, facing the salt wind.

" You'll go to school first," Bully Boy said in his captain's voice.

She set her teeth to answer him: " Not for long, I won't! "

Beckenham, looking at her, said, " You won't need long." And to Pierce, crisply: " Mr. Jones, for'ard, and con her through the reef."

THE END

In Liberty Next Week

WHY JEAN HARLOW DIED

She had youth. She had her glorious beauty—even more alluring than in her " Platinum Venus " days. She had world-wide fame, secure success—a million dollars, so Hollywood said, amassed in seven years. She had, and had repeatedly shown, true courage. She was at work, with a picture of golden promise in the making. . . . And she whispered: " I have a feeling I'm going away and never coming back "—and a week later she was dead! What killed the love of life in Jean Harlow?

Don't Miss

Edward Doherty's series throwing light upon this tragic enigma! Opening in Liberty next week!

Eddie Cantor HAD SIX MONTHS TO LIVE

So what? said the comedian—Here's what he did about it!

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

EDDIE CANTOR read in Liberty of how Charles Butterworth, the comedian, had humorously told Frederick James Smith that his own philosophy was to take life easily, and expressed amazement at the pace maintained by Eddie Cantor. Eddie wired Mr. Smith. He wanted to tell his side, to debate for pace against laze. Here is what resulted.

BACK in 1929 Eddie Cantor made a decision. And that decision changed his whole life.

The scene was a hotel at Palm Springs, California. Eddie had been ordered to the desert resort by New York physicians when, after he had completed a long run in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1928, pleurisy had knocked him down.

"Eddie," they said, "you must relax. No more theater. You'll have to take it easy for the rest of your life, or you won't live six months."

It was bitter news, but Eddie took their advice, went to a warm climate, and tried to relax.

In six weeks he was desperate. He could not stand watching the world go by. Rather six months more—and oblivion—than that.

He hurried back to Broadway and started to work in Whoopee, Flo Ziegfeld's big show. His lungs bothered him, but he plunged along. Then he began to feel better. Six months passed. The doctors were wrong!

Today Hollywood looks upon Eddie Cantor as its most intensive and high-pressured worker. But Eddie explains it all very simply. "I've no more energy than any one else," he declares. "I often work thirteen or fourteen hours a day. But I sleep at least eight hours a night.

"I wear myself out? So what? How important is it to live a long time? If I can give my contribution in fifty years, why should I live to be sixty-five?

"Time is more valuable than money," maintains Cantor. "You can get that dollar back if you're ingenious, but you never can get that minute back. I've learned to budget my time. I never give any one or any problem fifteen minutes when it deserves only five.

"I think the fellow who has something to give and doesn't give it is cheating," Eddie continues gravely. "God gave it to him to share.

"I have three ways of saving time: I budget my hours; I never encourage strangers; and I am not afraid to say no."

Listen to a typical intensive Cantor week:

On Monday morning at eleven o'clock he sits down with his two radio scripters and listens to a play-off from records of his Sunday radio program. The three study the audience laughs. Here is something that can be continued; there is the beginning of another idea. The comedy writers retire to go to work. Later on Monday Cantor goes over the music for the next Sunday.

On Tuesday night Cantor and his comedy scripters get together again. They have a rough typewritten script now, and the three work on it until a finished script emerges, at about 4 A. M. on Wednesday morning.

At eleven or twelve o'clock on Wednesday the conference starts again. The smoothing-out process goes on all day. The act rehearses on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Cantor gives a dress rehearsal for an invited audience on Sunday afternoon. He is the only radio star to do this, but he believes it is an ideal way to perfect his radio hour. Changes are made right through this, up to the moment of actual broadcasting.

Cantor works on the radio scripts himself. He can't understand how comics can be funny with material they had no part in creating.

Radio work is a small part of the Cantor twenty-four hours. Let's take a typical California day.

Eddie usually is up at eleven, showered and shaved by eleven thirty. After breakfast, he's off to his mail. Of the six hundred letters which reach him every day, at least fifty require his personal attention.

At a luncheon for the Los Angeles Community Chest he makes an appeal for public support. At six o'clock in the afternoon he telephones another speech by long distance to Philadelphia on behalf of Hadassah, the Jewish women's welfare organization. After dinner he addresses a meeting of the Hollywood League Against Fascism.

Cantor is the president of the Jewish Theatrical Guild of America and his duties in this capacity take at least a bit of every day. He is a member of the board of the Hollywood League Against Fascism, and head of the Eddie Cantor Camp Committee. His name is listed among the patrons of a hundred philanthropic enterprises.

Meanwhile he is working on his next Sunday's radio program. He is finding time for conferences about his forthcoming film comedy for Twentieth Century-Fox.

Eddie eats lightly. If he's out, he politely nibbles the hotel food. If he's home, he has milk and crackers.

He never goes to night clubs. "While the rest of you are off dancing, sitting, and gabbing," he says, "I'm asleep, replenishing this energy I hear so much about.

"Another rule: I never do anything that is distasteful to me. That takes more out of me than the hardest work."

Cantor always—or nearly always—has dinner with his wife and children at seven o'clock. After dinner he tries out some of his radio material on the family. Then, like as not, he has to hurry away.

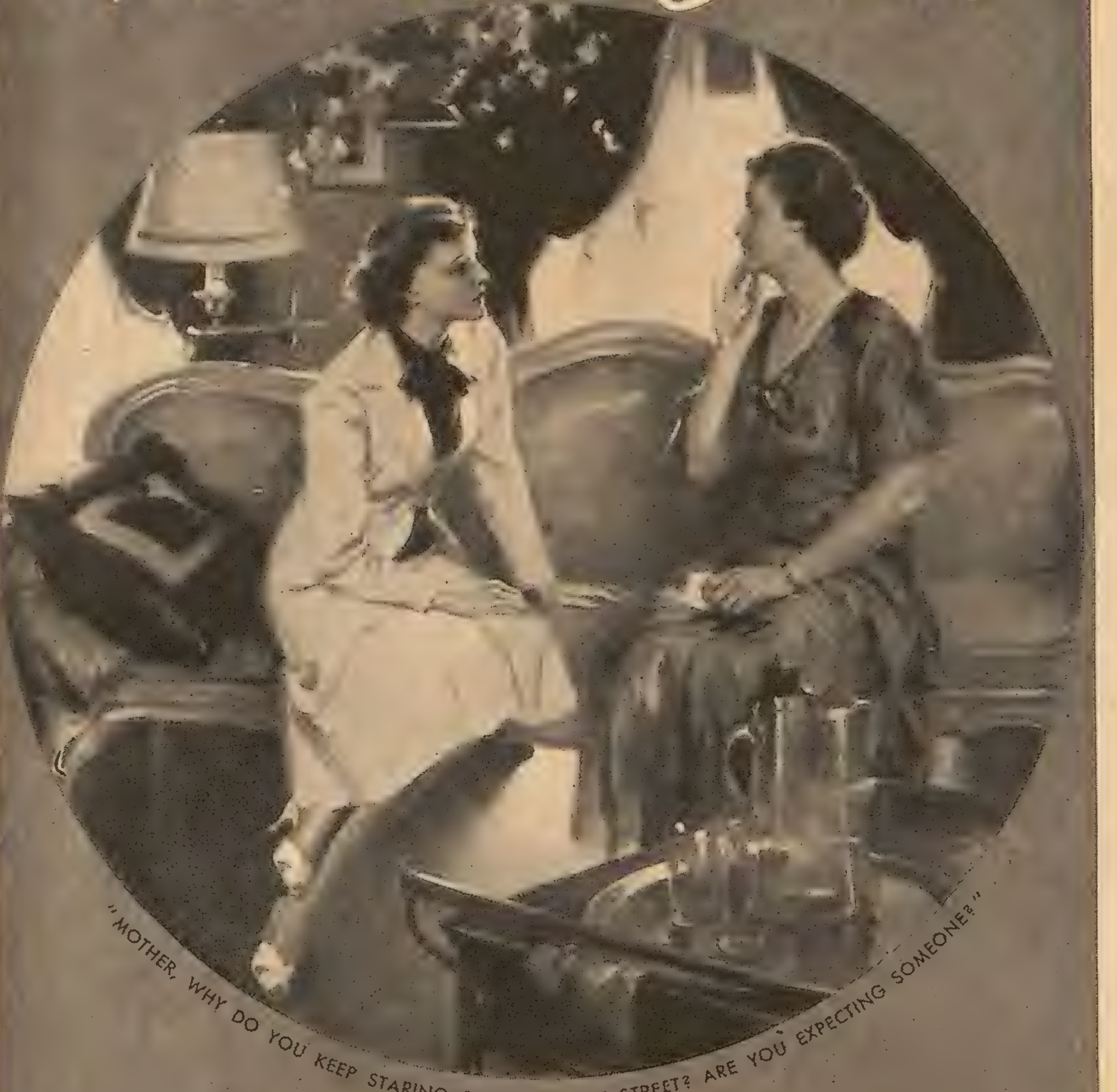
"It's just as well the family doesn't see too much of me," Eddie philosophizes. "It can't get a chance to get bored with me."

Eddie never again will appear on the stage. It's too limited, he says. He has bigger things to do: radio and movies.

"The radio is now the most important single agent in our daily lives," he says. "And I'm happy to be a part of it."

THE END

That Last Crack



"MOTHER, WHY DO YOU KEEP STARING OUT INTO THE STREET? ARE YOU EXPECTING SOMEONE?"

BY ELITA WILSON

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

FEAR and joy tugged at Katherine Darcy's heart as, at the sound of a slamming car door, she separated the drawing-room curtains in time to see a slim girl in navy and white jump out of a cab and run up the steps.

Her eyes darted swiftly to the grandfather clock, which was striking twelve, and as she went to answer her daughter's ring a sudden panic gripped her. What would happen if, during Vivian's brief visit, she should meet the one person in all the world she *must* not meet? A terrifying thought, that—and it could so easily happen!

But as she flung open the big door her heart told her that it was worth the chance just to be looking again on the daughter whom she had not seen in two and a half years and who meant so much in her life.

" Mother! . . ." the girl cried, quick tears springing into her eyes. The next moment they were in each other's arms and Katherine Darcy was saying softly:

" Oh, Viv . . . Viv darling. I've missed you so! "

They stood so for several minutes. Then Vivian drew away and laughed through her tears. It seemed impossible that Mrs. Darcy hadn't seen her daughter for so long, incredible that she could have stood the separation. And yet, it had had to be. Even now, their reunion was to be so heartbreakingly brief. Only one hour. Because Vivian was sailing for Europe. Sailing out of her mother's heart for another year—the most important year in her life.

Now Vivian tossed her hat onto the hall table and fanned herself.

" Come into the drawing room, Viv. There's some cold lemonade. It's cooler there than any other place in the house." Again her eyes nervously sought the hands of the clock.

Had the girl been less preoccupied with her own thoughts she would have detected the anxious note in her mother's voice and seen the fear she was struggling to keep out of her eyes. She might also have wondered why her mother purposely guided her over to the sofa in the big bay window and, in spite of the glare that came in from the hot street, raised one window and the shades, and then closed the sliding doors that opened out on to the hall.

The bay window afforded a good view up and down the street. Sitting there, one would be sure to see any one who might be coming up the fashionable brownstone steps. And before long, Katherine Darcy knew, somebody else would be coming up those steps. At all costs she must prevent that person from seeing Vivian. Her future, the brilliant career she was planning, depended on it.

The girl chattered on about her past four years of college life at Northwestern University, out in Illinois. She had gone there in preference to an Eastern college because of a vocal teacher who she felt could do more for her than any other.

Grinding her third cigarette stub into the ash tray, the girl impulsively caught her mother's hand and a note of childish uncertainty came into her voice that was food for Katherine Darcy's starving soul.

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY PARKHOUSE

"I want this next year in Europe terribly," she said, "but sometimes I wonder if I can go through with it. It's been pretty awful, being away from you for so long, mother. You know that, don't you?"

Mrs. Darcy dared no more than to nod and murmur: "Of course, dear." Then her eyes fell on the ash tray. "Ought you to smoke so much, Viv? Your throat—"

Vivian straightened and threw her head back as if to clear it. "I shouldn't be smoking at all," she admitted, "but I'm jittery today. That beastly hot trip on the train—and saying good-by to everybody out there . . ."

Something in the way she drew out that last word made her mother say:

"Is there any one in particular you minded leaving?"

Her daughter smiled. "You mean a man, I suppose? No, there is no one. I haven't had time for it." She paused and looked at her mother curiously. "Mother, why do you keep staring out into the street? Are you expecting some one?"

Katherine Darcy quickly caught herself. "Of course not. Every one we know is out of the city in this heat."

The story of a mother's love and a bright and shining lie

"Then why aren't you down at Roslyn?"

Her mother laughed. "Impractical Vivian. You couldn't possibly have made the trip down there and caught your boat. But do you realize how long it's been since I last heard you sing? I know it's hot and you're tired, dear—but won't you sing something for me? Something I can remember when you're gone?"

The girl jumped up. She sat down at the piano, struck a few soft chords, and then her voice, clear and true, broke into the opening bars of a Brahms lullaby.

As Mrs. Darcy sat listening to the girl, noting the soft gray eyes that kept flashing fire, and the golden-brown hair that clung in damp ringlets to her forehead, she realized more than ever how strongly Vivian resembled her dead father. Something tightened about Katherine Darcy's heart. Had he lived, there would be none of this awful presentiment hanging over her.

Life had been strangely kind and cruel to Katherine Darcy. Kind for the first seventeen years of her married life. Then Sam had died, quite suddenly. A woman of strong vitality and imagination, Mrs. Darcy had thrown herself into the management of the big cotton mills her husband had left her; but the business had suffered without the guiding hand of its founder.

THE Brahms lullaby had come to an end. Improvising softly for a moment, Vivian drifted into the Rachmaninoff song cycle, and with that her mother was brought back sharply to reality and the present.

She had expected a marked improvement in the girl's voice, but she had not dreamed that Vivian would develop into a dramatic soprano. And now, as the full rich notes welled from her throat and rang through the high-ceilinged drawing room, Katherine Darcy found herself clinging to the arm of the sofa in breathless wonder.

Vivian rose and came over to her mother.

"I've worked hard," she said. "What do you think?"

"Wonderful . . ." Mrs. Darcy murmured. "Wonderful!"

"And after this next year in Europe I'll be ready for concert work. After that—opera. Oh, mother, it's all such a fantastic dream coming true!"

The clock struck the hour. Mrs. Darcy started to her feet. "It's one o'clock, darling! You've got to get down to the boat." She was trying desperately to cover up her sudden alarm at the clock's warning. Again that numbing fear had come over her. A quick look down the street reassured her momentarily, but her heart was crying, Oh, God . . . stay those feet . . . coming closer . . . threatening to blast into a million pieces this girl's happiness!

"You're coming to the boat with me, of course?" Viv asked, putting on her hat.

"Isn't it bad enough to have you go—without that?" The anguish in her mother's voice found an answering note in the girl's as Vivian said:

"I suppose you're right." She stood up. Came closer to her mother and snuggled her face against her neck just as she had done years ago when she felt unhappy. "Right now I feel . . . like a very little girl. I want to cry. Out there in Chicago I missed you terribly, but I always knew that I could get home overnight if it got too bad. But now—Europe is on the other side of the world, and . . ."

"Nonsense," laughed Katherine Darcy. "You've *got* to go. It's all arranged. You'll be so busy you won't have time to think of mother. And perhaps I'll see you this winter."

"You'll come over?"

"If I can face the prospect of another siege of seasickness." The quarter hour was striking. "Viv dear, you've got to leave this very minute!" Now her nerves were beginning to go. She felt as if she couldn't get her breath. And then—Vivian was gone.

SHE leaned weakly against the closed door, a prayer of thankfulness on her lips that the girl was gone, that the thing she had dreaded had not happened.

The doorbell rang again. Katherine Darcy's hand flew to her throat. Viv had forgotten something . . . had returned, perhaps in tears. Oh, no . . . no!

With trembling hand she grasped the big bronze knob and pulled the door open.

Two women—another mother and daughter—stood in the vestibule. Mrs. Darcy stepped aside and let them pass.

"Any messages?" the mother asked.

"No, Mrs. Melton."

The other eyed her with suspicion.

"Who just drove away in a taxi?"

"Some one had the wrong address." She took the other woman's hat and gloves.

The daughter spoke up: "When Pete gets here with the car, tell him we're driving back to Roslyn tonight and that he's to go over to Mason's for—"

"*Mrs. Darcy.*"

The other two turned quickly. The girl's mother was looking into the drawing room. "I told you not to raise the shades or to open a window. The dust and sun will fade everything."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Melton," Katherine Darcy murmured. "I thought it might be cooler."

"You thought! You're always thinking things and forgetting that this is my house now. When we bought your houses and let you stay on as housekeeper because you lost your business and were putting your girl through college, you said you'd be just like any other servant. But you aren't." Her eyes fell on the lemonade pitcher and the two glasses. "That's what I mean! I'll bet you had company this afternoon."

For the first time in three years, Katherine Darcy lifted her chin and looked the other woman in the eye fearlessly, calculatingly.

"I agree with you, Mrs. Melton," she said quietly. "It has been an unpleasant arrangement all around. It cannot go on. I will leave—now. I have outlived my usefulness to you, and you" . . . a speculative smile was playing across her face . . . "you have outlived your usefulness to me."

Without waiting for an answer, she turned and went up the stairs. When she was out of sight, Mrs. Melton turned to her daughter.

"Now what did she mean by that last crack?" she asked curiously.

THE END

THE OLD-TIMER LOOKS AT SOME FAMOUS CASES

Murder ON THE WANDERWELL YACHT

BY A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

Author of Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

WELL, the missus thought she never would get me out of California—and all on account of Aloha.

Aloha Wanderwell! What a name! What a girl! Not that I ever saw her, or she me. And not that it would have made any difference—me being a worn-out old flatfoot from the New York Homicide Squad, and she being one of those round-the-world glamour girls.

But we won't go into that now. We will, however, go into the West Coast's most baffling crime, the mysterious murder of Aloha's mysterious young husband on the mysterious yacht Carma.

You remember the headlines: Globe Girdler Slain on Yacht in Sea Intrigue; Duke of Manchester's Son Among Crew; Cowardly Murder of Captain Walter Wanderwell, Suspected Spy, Untiring Seeker after the Bizarre in Life; Beautiful Young Wife Missing, etc., etc.

The murder itself was simple enough. At least, it *seemed* so—at first.

There was something wrong with the lighting system of the Carma on the night of December 5, 1932. The old two-master was tied up to a deserted pier on the Long Beach water front. Only one light, a flickering one from an oil lamp, struggled faintly through the porthole of a cabin on the starboard side.

Any one bothering to look through that porthole would have seen two very pretty young girls writing letters; two good-looking young men chatting. Presently, about nine o'clock, somebody did bother. The face of a smooth-shaven young man suddenly appeared out of the darkness and framed itself in the porthole.

The baffling riddle of the face at the porthole—New light on a weird, glamorous enigma of crime

"Where is Captain Wanderwell?" asked the voice of the face.

On being told that the captain had just gone forward to his quarters, the face disappeared. Five minutes later there was a loud report. The two men rushed from the lighted cabin. Nothing was to be heard or seen. Groping their way forward, they found the leader of their expedition—the Little Admiral, as they called him—doubled up on the floor of his quarters, his head against the wall, a bullet hole between the shoulders, dead.

But what had become of the man at the porthole?

Was there any such person?

Who were these young men and women—the latter more suitable for a Ziegfeld front row than for a ship's crew?

Had they told the true story of what happened that night on the yacht Carma? Had one of *them* killed Captain Wanderwell?

And what was the Duke of Manchester's son doing in such a mess?

Lord Edward Eugene Fernando Montagu—son of His Grace the Duke of Manchester and the latter's immensely wealthy wife, the former Helena Zimmerman of Cincinnati, told a straightforward story. He was a remittance man, whose business in life was wandering over the world in search of adventure. That's how he happened to sign up as an ordinary seaman on the Carma.

"Where was the yacht Carma going?" asked Police Lieutenant Miller of the Long Beach night watch.

"To the South Seas."

"What for?"

"For the World International Police."

"What's that?"

"The Cap didn't say. You'll have to ask Aloha."

Well, here was Mystery with a capital M. World International Police indeed! Who was this Captain Walter Wanderwell who chartered leaky old yachts and had dukes' sons and ravishing young beauties for his crew?

It was clear that neither this question, nor any of the others which immediately came to the lips of police and newspapermen, would be answered until Aloha told her story. And Aloha wasn't there to tell it.

Beautiful Aloha—blonde, curly-locked, and alluringly feminine—who had met the Little Admiral—of all places!—outside a movie-theater stage door in Nice. She was one of those expatriated American children getting a "cultural" education on the French Riviera.

On her way home from school, she saw the Cap's picture outside the little Franco-American theater, where he was making a personal appearance along with the films of some of his earlier travels. His name was known to her in a vague way as a celebrity, and his photograph was certainly "swell." So in she went. And after the show she waited for her new crush.

They walked home together. He told her he was looking for a secretary, and preferred one who could sing a song or two in his movie act. Aloha got the job. She was only sixteen at the time, so her mother insisted on her becoming the captain's ward. To make things doubly sure, mother also adopted Wanderwell as her son.

"Technically," explained Aloha, "he became my brother."

This mere technicality, however, did not prevent Aloha—after three years of secretarying, which included a motor trip around the world, from marrying her employer, guardian, and "brother" in Riverside, California, in 1925.

Thereafter, for seven years, they continued to live a life brimful of romance and adventure, which started with a honeymoon trip through France, Spain, Switzerland, Germany, Poland, and thence across Asia to Peking. Trips to Africa and South America followed. Always it would be the same technique: the captain would advertise for young men and women who wanted to see the world, charge them about $200 for the privilege, and work them hard taking films, selling pamphlets, and appearing in theaters—all for the World International Police.

On the latter subject Aloha was almost as vague as Lord Eddie had been. It was, she said, the Cap's "pet scheme" to do "his bit for universal peace." And all the boys and girls who signed up with him had to do their bit too, not only for universal peace but for the support of the expedition. The boys were invariably young and adventurous, the girls young and pretty.

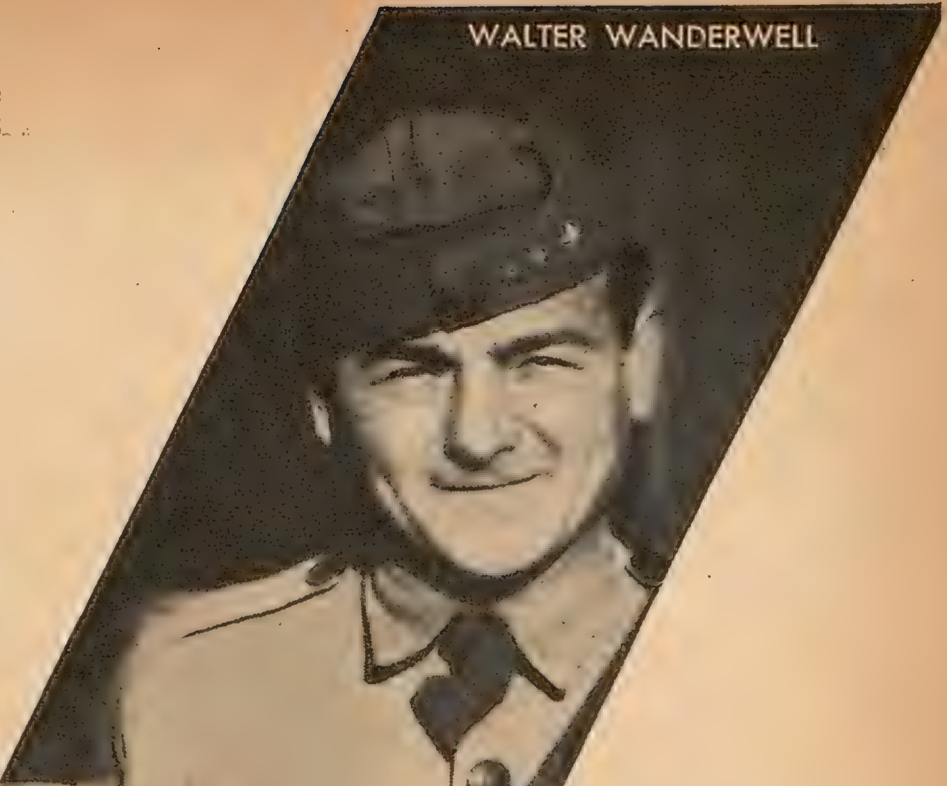
"But there was never any immorality in our party," insisted Mrs. Wanderwell. "Cap was always quite strict about contacts and relationships between men and women on our expeditions."

About the trip they were planning at the time of the tragedy, Aloha said it was like the rest, except that it was to be in the Wanderwells' own boat.

"Cap had always talked of owning a ship," explained his widow.

According to his custom, Captain Wanderwell had advertised for "crew and co-operative passengers," and had received replies from all over the world. Eight girls and seven men had already signed up, and were either on the boat the night of the murder, or in the town arranging for the journey.

The four who were in the lighted cabin when the face appeared at the porthole were Cuthbert Wills, an Englishman, who was to act as engineer of the schooner's 120-horsepower supplementary engine; Mary Parks, a student from Boston; Marian Smith, youngest of the lot, from Georgia; and Edmund Zarenski, a cameraman from Delaware.


WALTER WANDERWELL

The mystery of Aloha Wanderwell's own whereabouts on the fatal night was partly cleared up when she was found occupying a rented room with her sister in Hollywood, where, so she said, she had gone to complete a sound track for one of Captain Wanderwell's films.

Faced with the news of her husband's tragic death, she showed none of the signs of a widow broken with grief.

"Where are my children?" she asked quickly.

As a matter of fact, Valry, aged seven, and Nile, aged six, had slept right through the shooting which had caused the death of their father.

On being told that her daughters were safe in the care of a police matron, their young mother, usually a soft, smiling, joyous creature, lapsed into that state of glittery immobility which was to earn her the name of "the Rhinestone Widow." To the Long Beach police she became the case's biggest question mark.

Had she absented herself from the Carma the night of December 5 on a legitimate errand? Or had she known that a tragedy was to take place on the ship that night, and run away to save herself from being suspected as the slayer? What was the real relationship between this man and this woman? Did she love her husband? Or was there some one else? And was that some one else the man at the porthole?

ALOHA WANDERWELL

While Lieutenant Miller and Lieutenant of Detectives Owen Murphy of the Long Beach police force were pondering these questions, a personable young man with curly black hair and an ingratiating smile, a guest in the Glendale home of Aviator Eddie De Larm, opened his morning paper and read with apparently casual interest the news of the day. A few minutes later he rose from his chair by the fireplace, announced—in an accent that suggested Australia—that he had "mooched" on his good friends the De Larms longer than he should, packed his bag, and departed for a vague destination known as "the country."

Eddie De Larm, an American Indian by birth but who looked more like a Cuban or an Argentinian, was not surprised at his friend's action. He also had read the papers. He knew that the man his curly-haired friend hated most in all the world was dead—with a bullet hole in his back.

De Larm had known the boy for several years. Met him first in South America. His wife liked him. So did his two daughters, sixteen-year-old Betty and thirteen-year-old Juanita. They had enjoyed having him in the house. They were his pals. De Larm said nothing.

Meanwhile the detectives were pounding at Aloha. Surely the captain must have had enemies. By this time

WILLIAM J. GUY

they had found out that Walter Wanderwell was really Valarian Johannes Tieczynski, who had served a term at Atlanta during the war as a suspected German spy; and that he wasn't a captain at all, but had only recently paid a fine for the unauthorized wearing of a United States army uniform. Such a man might well have alienated, perhaps cheated, a friend.

"No," said Aloha quite dispassionately. "Cap might contrive little schemes to gain some particular end when no one would be injured, but fundamentally he was the soul of honor."

The boys were about to give up on her when she cried: "Wait! There *was* a man who caused us a lot of trouble. He incited members of our last expedition to mutiny. That was down in South America. And last summer he came to see my husband and demanded money."

Wanderwell's mystery yacht Carma

INTERNATIONAL POLICE N.E.

The detectives reached for pencils and pads.

"And his name?"

"I don't know. I can't think what it was. Sometimes he was called 'Curly' and sometimes 'Guy.' I haven't any idea what his last name was."

Questioned as to where this "Curly" or "Guy" might be found, she professed to have not the slightest idea. All she knew of the interview the previous July was that her husband had told her the man had threatened him and had gone away saying:

"I'll see you again, Wanderwell, some time, some place!"

On the appearance of the man she was more definite. He was twenty-six to thirty years old, medium build, five feet nine or ten in height, very curly hair. Later she dug up a group photograph which included a smiling young man of just this description. She also said that she knew he was on friendly terms with one Eugene Babbitt, an ensign in the Naval Reserve, and a man named Burenzeyski, a cook, both of Seattle, because he had persuaded both of them not to sign up for the present trip.

There wasn't much to go on here. It was scarcely likely that a man of this Curly's obviously happy-go-lucky type would have followed another man from Buenos Aires to Los Angeles to kill him on account of a mere disagreement. And if his object was money—well, there was over $600 in the captain's pockets when the body was found.

The police communicated at once with the Seattle authorities, and asked them to locate, if possible, Babbitt and Burenzeyski. They also enlarged the picture of the young man in Aloha's group photograph and gave it to the newspapers. Then they went back to work on what seemed like hotter trails.

SEVERAL torrid tips came from anonymous sources. Most of these were from people who purported to know fathers of young girls who had been lured away from home by Captain Wanderwell to take part in his expeditions. These parents, according to the letters received, were on the hunt for the Cap with eyes flashing and pistols cocked.

Not one of these statements proved to be true. They had probably been inspired by newspaper accounts of the youth and beauty aboard the Carma.

More intriguing to the police than these so-called clues was the problem of the missing murder gun. The captain had been shot with a .38-caliber automatic. The bullet, which had entered his back, was found protruding from his chest. The revolver, however, had disappeared as completely as the man who used it.

The boys on the Long Beach force did all they could. They searched the boat and the dock and the street approaches on every side. They sent divers down to scan the sea bottom. And, naturally, they questioned repeatedly every member of the expedition.

It was one of these, Eugenia Nabel, who gave them their first clue as to the identity—although not to the whereabouts—of the murder weapon.

"There's something I forgot," said the girl. "Just a few days ago the captain told us that a .38 automatic had been stolen from one of his suitcases. He asked us to hunt for it in the downtown pawnshops. We looked in several, but since the captain didn't know the number of the gun, we never found it."

Here *was* a lead. That gun must have been stolen by some one who knew that the Cap had it in that particular suitcase. Nothing else was stolen. Who would have known? Aloha, naturally, since she was the only person who might properly have access to the captain's belongings.

Had Aloha Wanderwell taken her husband's revolver and given it to his murderer?

Had the captain been shot with his own gun?

The police had to admit that there wasn't any evidence to support the first assumption. There was, however, a strong probability that the second was true.

Who else, besides Aloha, could have stolen that gun and not been detected?

OBVIOUSLY no one except one of the boys and girls of the crew—for the Carma was never left without at least one of them on board.

Back over the alibis of these fifteen youngsters went Lieutenant Murphy and his experts. Some of them had been selling pamphlets in the streets that evening. Others had been making personal appearances with the captain's films. Others had been doing advertising stunts for tradesmen, to pay for supplies. All had witnesses to substantiate their stories.

Moreover, each and every one of them had successfully passed the paraffin hand test, which would have disclosed which of them, if any, had recently discharged a gun—unless, of course, he had worn gloves. And it did seem rather farfetched to think that any one of these youngsters was so versed in the science of crime detection as to take that precaution.

Finally, in desperation, Murphy and his men turned back to the clue of the boy who was sometimes called "Curly" and sometimes "Guy."

The Seattle police had located the naval ensign Babbitt. He admitted that he had been present in Wanderwell's apartment in the Hotel Arcady in Los Angeles one evening last July, when Guy, accompanied by a dark man who said he was an aviator, had called to demand the money which he claimed he had deposited with the captain.

This brief news item, hidden away in the mass of pictures and special stories of the tragedy which the papers were running, caught the watchful eye of Carlton Williams, star reporter of the Los Angeles Times, as he was sitting in the waiting room at Los Angeles Police Headquarters waiting for Detective Joe Filkas.

Trained by long experience in murder cases, Williams knew at once that here was the clue which should ultimately lead to the apprehension of the man Guy. Filkas agreed with him. Together they went up to the Arcady, a fashionable apartment hotel on Wilshire Boulevard.

Manager Bristol remembered the row of the previous summer. Well he might, for he had been roused from his pleasurable contemplation of the day's receipts by a man's voice crying:

"Help! Police! I'm being murdered!"

Rushing into the street in search of the supposed bandits, he observed Wanderwell leaning far out of his window and yelling for help. In the captain's room he found Babbitt, who was staying with Wanderwell at the time; the curly-haired young chap whom the captain addressed as Guy; and a somewhat older man, apparently a close friend of Guy, who looked like a Cuban or South

American and said he lived in Glendale. They got the name, De Larm, at a near-by airport, and a man who could lead them to him.

De Larm, a decent chap, was soon convinced that it was his duty as a citizen and as a friend to help find Curly Guy—William James Guy was his full name—and bring him back to prove his innocence. De Larm had a shrewd suspicion as to where Guy was hiding; and it proved correct—an unlighted frame house on an unpaved street down on the river front.

With only one gun between them, and no flashlight, Filkas and Williams rushed into the darkness of the house, wakened its lonely occupant, and informed him that he was under arrest.

To their great surprise, they found the likable curly-haired boy rather glad to see them.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

The time has come to standardize police practice in the United States. This is the firm conviction of my old chief, Thatcher Colt, New York's legendary police commissioner. He would say that the crime on the Wanderwell yacht was an example of a major mystery entrusted to a minor police department. The result was that the crime remains to this day unsolved.

The way to standardize police practice is through the leadership of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the Department of Justice. This does not mean the formation of an American Scotland Yard. It does mean a central bureau for developing police technique constantly and scientifically; knowledge and experience to be shared with local police units throughout the nation.

Something of the sort is already being attempted through the school which the Department of Justice is organizing. This is a beginning, but it doesn't go far enough.

The great virtues of American police are courage and loyalty. Their weakness lies in subjection to politics and their lack of scientific training. Some way should be found to unify the local police in a co-operative organization through which the latest methods of crime detection—*and prevention*—can be given universal distribution.

Mr. Colt is profoundly opposed to any further centralization of power in Washington. He believes that the American police can benefit by sharing in the experience and training of the federal men, without surrendering their own independence.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T. Tune in at home or on your car radio.

"If you hadn't come," he said with his slight accent, "I think I would have given myself up anyhow. The only reason I'm hiding here is that I'm an alien and in this country illegally. Of course, a lot of people know I didn't like Wanderwell, and that's one reason I didn't want to be picked up as a suspect. The real reason, though, is that I didn't want to be deported."

Filkas and Williams made no comment. They noticed, though, that the neat gray suit and light overcoat into which the rangy young man climbed, corresponded in all details to the costume worn by the man on the boat, as described by Cuthbert Wills, the Englishman who had directed him to Wanderwell's quarters. And the accent! They remembered now that all four of the occupants of the lighted cabin had spoken of a slight accent.

"Colonial surely," Wills had said; "possibly Australian."

Guy made no secret of his feeling against the dead man. He and his wife, Vera, had read the Wanderwell advertisements in a Buenos Aires newspaper, for women who spoke Spanish and English. His wife, to whom he had been married only three months, and a girl friend knew both languages, so they went with Guy to see the captain, who said they would have to put up $200 to go on the trip. Guy had $150, which he turned over to Wanderwell, who permitted the two girls to join the outfit. Guy remained behind until he had earned the other $50, then joined the party at Jujuy.

"I didn't like Wanderwell from the beginning," he said with disarming frankness. "He was a disagreeable and petty man, a regular dictator. Liked to be called the Little Admiral—all that sort of thing! He worked us like dogs. We were fed principally on beans.

CONDITIONS finally became so unbearable that I went to Wanderwell and protested. He regarded this as mutiny, and ordered the ship to dock at Colon. There he virtually 'put us on the beach'—my wife, the other woman, and me. We were absolutely stranded—no money to get anywhere. Finally I arranged for a steamship company to take the two girls back to England, which was the address on their passports, and I set out on foot for Nicaragua. I haven't seen my wife since—and I haven't seen the money I gave Wanderwell.

"Vera was beautiful," he continued, his voice softening, "and she must be now—beautiful enough to support herself as an artist's model, and that's something!"

As he spoke, he pointed to a clipping from a London paper about a prize which had just been awarded by the Royal Society of Portrait Painters to a canvas by the famous artist, Alexander Christie, for which the well known model, Vera Guy, had posed. Underneath the painting was the title, Solveig, the Young Amazon. Her husband was right. Vera *was* beautiful.

Curly then rummaged in his pockets and produced a letter, which with justifiable pride he handed to his accusers. The letter read:

> Dearest "Biggie":
>
> I am praying for the time to come when we can be together again. . . . Have you still that big smile of yours? Keep it going in spite of everything. I love you.
>
> VERA.

Biggie still had the big smile, all right. Carl Williams and Joe Filkas had to admit that the man's personality was distinctly likable, his story distinctly likely. Yet they knew that with every word he was driving one more nail into the scaffold on which he almost surely would hang.

For, at last, a motive had been uncovered. Wanderwell had not only robbed Guy of his hard-earned savings but he had robbed him of his bride of three months. Greater men than Curly Guy had committed murder for lesser reasons.

It was no surprise to any one when he was indicted for the slaying of Valarian Johannes Tieczynski, alias Walter Wanderwell.

YET after listening to the testimony of Curly Guy's loyal friends—Mr. and Mrs. Eddie De Larm and their pretty daughters, Betty and Juanita—that they were all sitting and talking with the accused in the De Larm living room at the very time the murder was being committed, and after watching for several days the smiling face and confident demeanor of William James "Curly" Guy, a jury of nine men and three women decided to disregard the absolute identification of Marian Smith and Cuthbert Wills, and bring in a verdict of "Not guilty."

So Curly Guy went back to the welcoming arms of Solveig, the Young Amazon; the yacht Carma became a showboat, with admission for the curious at so much per head. And Aloha Wanderwell—what of her?

Well, at last accounts, she was still "carrying on" for the World International Police!

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: It is not for me, a tenderfoot from the East, to criticize the police of Long Beach. It was a big case for a little department, and they did what they could with it.

The only important thing they seem to have overlooked was a secret passage out of the captain's quarters into the hold of the vessel, where the man at the porthole might have secreted himself during the first search of the cabins and decks—or where somebody other than the porthole man might have lain in wait for the captain and killed him after the visitor had gone.

The important thing about this case to me is the emphasis it places on the difficulty under our jury system of convicting a really personable prisoner of the crime of first-degree murder.

Where would you find twelve men and women who would have convicted this good-looking young chap with the curly hair and friendly eyes and ingratiating smile of shooting a helpless victim in the back?

THE END

The inside story of another sensational and baffling crime will be told by the Headquarters Old-Timer in an early issue.

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

CHARLES LE MAIRE started out as a vaudeville pianist, became a costume designer for Ziegfeld and Hammerstein. Today he is one of our brainiest thinkers in the science of style. Knows the whys and why-nots of what we should or shouldn't wear.

Here are some of his lessons in dress logic.

"Avoid shopping," he says, "when you feel you are in a buying mood—you'll select more wisely when your sales resistance is tougher. . . . Long-legged women have the easiest time finding clothes in which they look well. . . . If your legs aren't long, never indulge in a trimmed skirt; wear plain shoes without high heels; don't cut your dresses too low at the neckline. . . . Padded shoulders if your own are narrow, also trimmed sleeves, fancy cuffs, big collars, and copy Schiaparelli models—she's the best bet for your type. . . . If you are short in the neck, use the V-shaped neckline, have your skirts trimmed, wear long strings of beads, an old-fashioned lavaliere. . . . General advice to all women: Never talk about your bad points. Find out what they are, *do* something about them, but don't advertise them, and don't let them fuss you." . . .

CHARLES LE MAIRE

In his Salt Lake City boyhood Charles Le Maire knew young Jack Dempsey as the strongest kid around town, knew John Held, Jr., as the budding kid artist, knew Margaret Livingston (now Mrs. Paul Whiteman) as the town belle. Must have been a lively place to grow up in.

● Note for guests: Try to remember *something* about the children of people whose homes you visit. A lady writes to me saying, "I hate it when former guests sweetly inquire how my son is; hate to remind them my child is a girl, not a boy." Why not jot down the names of our hostesses' kids in our social notebooks? Nicer than forgetting, don't you think?

● *Friend from Oklahoma* has been telling me odd things about his native state. He is Reb Russell *(Lafayette* Russell, if you want the truth), all-American fullback not long ago, star rider in many a Hollywood Western, now riding the circus trail. Reb said: "Oklahoma Indians can grow gardens anywhere, are better at it than the Japanese, but they don't care about money or business, so their farm skill doesn't pay. . . . The bucks walk in front of the squaws except when it rains, then you'll see the squaw trudging along with a blanket over her, and the buck right behind her, walking lock-step under the same blanket. . . . Liquor's against the law, but folks hide kegs up in the trees, where the swaying of the branches ages the stuff by chowsing it around in the kegs. *Chowsing* is an old Oklahoma word, an old Oklahoma custom." . . . Reb hails from the town of Pawhuska. His mother's name is Hattie May. She and Reb are great pals. . . . Some week soon we'll have a home talk with a friend from another state.

● "Relax like a cat," says a doctor I know. "Cats are wise in the ways of relaxing. Flat on the floor, they stretch and yawn. Try doing the same. Lift your arms and legs in turn, repeat the words, 'Heavy as lead, heavy as lead!' until each limb *does* feel as heavy as lead—then let it drop down limp." I tried. The cat method was relaxing, but it made me laugh. Perhaps cats laugh at themselves when they relax.

● Couldn't believe my eyes, in a big city department store the other day, when I saw a smart-looking well built youngish man publicly trying on, over his clothes, what appeared to be a long old-fashioned nightshirt. Sidling up to the nearest clerk, I whispered, "What is it? It *can't* be!"

"Yes, madam," the clerk replied with dignity, but with a twinkle. "*That* is a genuine nightshirt."

Asked him if many men bought them—many young men. He said quite a few. I was greatly surprised, and have since inquired among my women friends as to how many of their husbands wear long old-fashioned nightshirts. None. The girls say they'd laugh themselves into fits if they should see *their* husbands in nightshirts. Yet most of the large department stores, I learn, are selling them—so some husbands must be wearing them. But whose? Does *your* young husband wear a nightshirt? Or have nightshirts become a bachelor entanglement?

● Six hundred pages of social rules and guidance make Margery Wilson's book, The New Etiquette, an authoritative manual of manners for all occasions. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

● The new fruit juices in cans—plum nectar, pear nectar, apricot nectar, etc.—are a double blessing to hot-weather housewives. They're not only good as iced drinks; they also are excellent for molded desserts and salads. Jellied apricot salad is a favorite at my house. I make it like this:

To 1½ cups canned apricot juice add ½ cup water and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. In 2 tablespoons of this mixture dissolve 2 teaspoons gelatin. Heat the rest of the apricot juice, pour it on the gelatin, and let it cool until it begins to set. Then stir it well and pour it into a mold. I use a star shape. Serve on a large platter surrounded with shredded lettuce, fresh pineapple cut in small dice, and balls of cream cheese flavored with paprika and a tiny pinch of grated lemon rind. Serve boiled salad dressing on the side in a separate bowl.

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CENTER TRACTION gives you the Goodyear Margin of Safety

SUPERTWIST CORD IN EVERY PLY gives you maximum blowout protection

HANDSOME, STREAMLINED SIDEWALLS give your car smart, modern looks

Remember—

THE CHEAPEST THING ON YOUR CAR IS THE BEST TIRES YOU CAN BUY!

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

DEATH *in the* DARK

Tragedy strikes, mystery deepens in a stirring, swiftly-paced novel of love and a sinister adventure

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

TROOPER JOHN MORGAN of the New York State Police is sent by Sergeant Duff to stop and question all motorists coming from Atlas. Flash Arthur, extortionist and thief, has escaped from Longrock Prison and is reported to be heading in their direction.

At the crossroads Morgan halts Cynthia Drummond in her blue coupé and, having fallen in love with her on a previous occasion, strives to ingratiate himself in her good graces. But she fends him off and expresses sympathy for the fugitive that the trooper is trying to capture.

Imperatively the girl tells him that he must not stop her again, when she is returning from Atlas—that Wallace Strake, her father's secretary, is dying. Strake was in an automobile accident the night before last.

When the blue coupé returns from Atlas, the young trooper lets it go by undeterred. But Doane, a motorcycle cop, tries to stop it, and is run down and seriously injured. The blue coupé held the escaped convict, Flash Arthur!

Put through a severe cross-examination at headquarters and reprimanded, Trooper Morgan resigns, particularly enraged at Sergeant Duff's innuendo that he is in cahoots with the criminal who has slipped through their fingers.

Leaving the station in a huff, headed for Atlas, the discredited member of the force is almost run down by a professorial gentleman who proves to be Aubrey Drummond, the father of Cynthia. He invites Morgan to ride with him, they pick up his daughter in Atlas, and Drummond asks the ex-trooper to drive them home and stay the night.

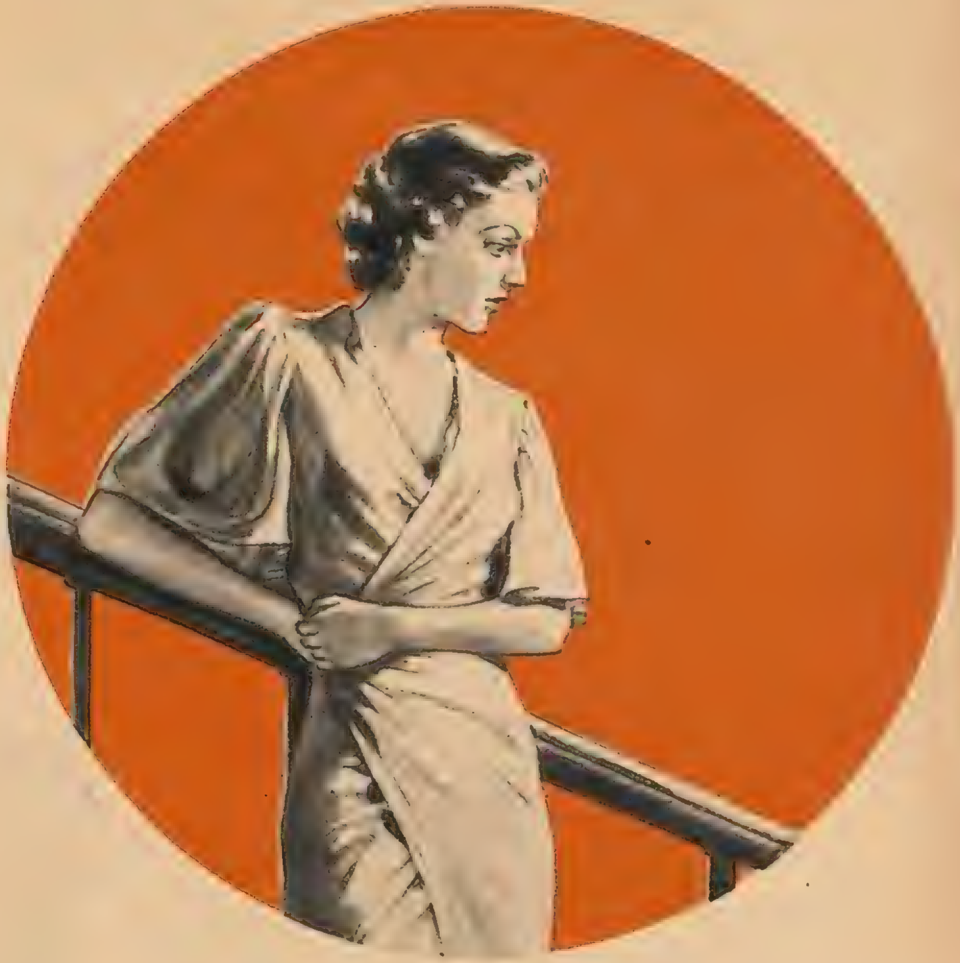
It is a strange household—the dying man swathed in bandages; the furtive Dr. Keegan, who has rented his house to the Drummonds, attending the patient; and an ugly pair of servants, Baxter and his wife. There is also a ferocious dog called Hamlet.

Barks and screams awaken Morgan in the middle of the night. At the foot of the stairs he discovers a huddled body under the glare of an electric torch.

PART TWO—ROMANCE . . AND A RIVAL

AGAIN the torchlight touched Morgan and returned to the tumbled body in voiceless implication. Drummond asked from the floor above: "Who is it?" And Morgan, clearing his throat, answered: "I don't know. It looks like—"

He moved forward. The torch switched off. In the upper darkness feet shuffled; a door opened and its sound was followed by a hushed jumble of speech. A woman moaned and caught her breath. Then the voice of Dr. Keegan was heard. He said:



"Emma—stop that! Do you want to kill Mr. Strake?"

Dread had salted Morgan's mouth and tingled in his nose. It slackened now. It had not been Cynthia who had screamed. At the head of the stairs a switch clicked and lights in the hall ceiling blazed.

Morgan bent above the body. Then he looked up at Drummond and said:

"It's Baxter. He's been—knifed."

A step creaked as his host came down, spare and stately in a gray bathrobe. He still bore the torch, and asked:

"Dead?"

"I think so."

From the upper hall came the hushed sound of struggle and Dr. Keegan's tight voice ordering:

"Quiet, now. Emma, take it easy. Come with me."

Drummond turned and said:

"Go back, Cynthia. You can do nothing, my dear, and it's—oh, not pleasant."

The girl did not answer or obey. She was a slight brave figure in a blue silk dressing gown drawn tightly about her. Morgan looked from the girl to her father.

"Stabbed," he said. "From behind."

He heard Cynthia's sharply drawn breath. She did not stir. Drummond reached out and took her hand. He began, "Who—" and said no more.

Dr. Keegan, muttering, came down into the zone of light.

"Emma's fainted," he told them. The sight of the body below checked him on the stairs.

"Oh!" he cried. The physician's black hair was rumpled. He was in his shirt sleeves and collarless. Before he could speak again, Morgan said to his host:

"Will you call the substation, sir? The number is 226."

"Must we wait?" Dr. Keegan objected as Drummond stalked into the living room. "I'm deputy for the coroner, and he's away. Can't you take charge?"

"I'm no longer in the service," Morgan told him.

"No? Of course. I keep thinking you are on—well, plain-clothes duty."

Cynthia circled wide about the body toward the living-room door, where her father had reappeared. Dr. Keegan went softly up the stairs. Drummond said:

"Sergeant—Duff, I believe he said, is on the way." He patted his daughter's shoulder as he spoke. "You're shaking, honey. Sit down."

She took a chair beside the hatrack. Drummond looked from her to Morgan. He said sharply:

"You're hurt! There's blood on your leg."

"The dog. A mouthful of trousers and some skin."

Drummond asked with such immense indifference that Morgan smiled inwardly: "You were—ah—up, then, were you?"

"After the screaming began. I ran for the house—and Hamlet ran for me."

"You heard nothing earlier?"

"Only the dog barking."

Outside, as if on signal, the dog bayed fiercely, and through it, at last, they heard the hurry of a car.

Morgan still sat on the stairs and watched Duff go through the routine of murder detection drummed into him at the Troy police school. Behind the sergeant, Trooper Kelly, notebook in hand, looked curiously at his former station mate in sleeveless undershirt and torn trousers, and once, catching his eye, winked. The friendly grimace heartened Morgan. Beyond a brief glare and nod, the sergeant had paid him no heed since entering.

When Duff had fixed the position of the body and the weapon that had destroyed it, he told Drummond:

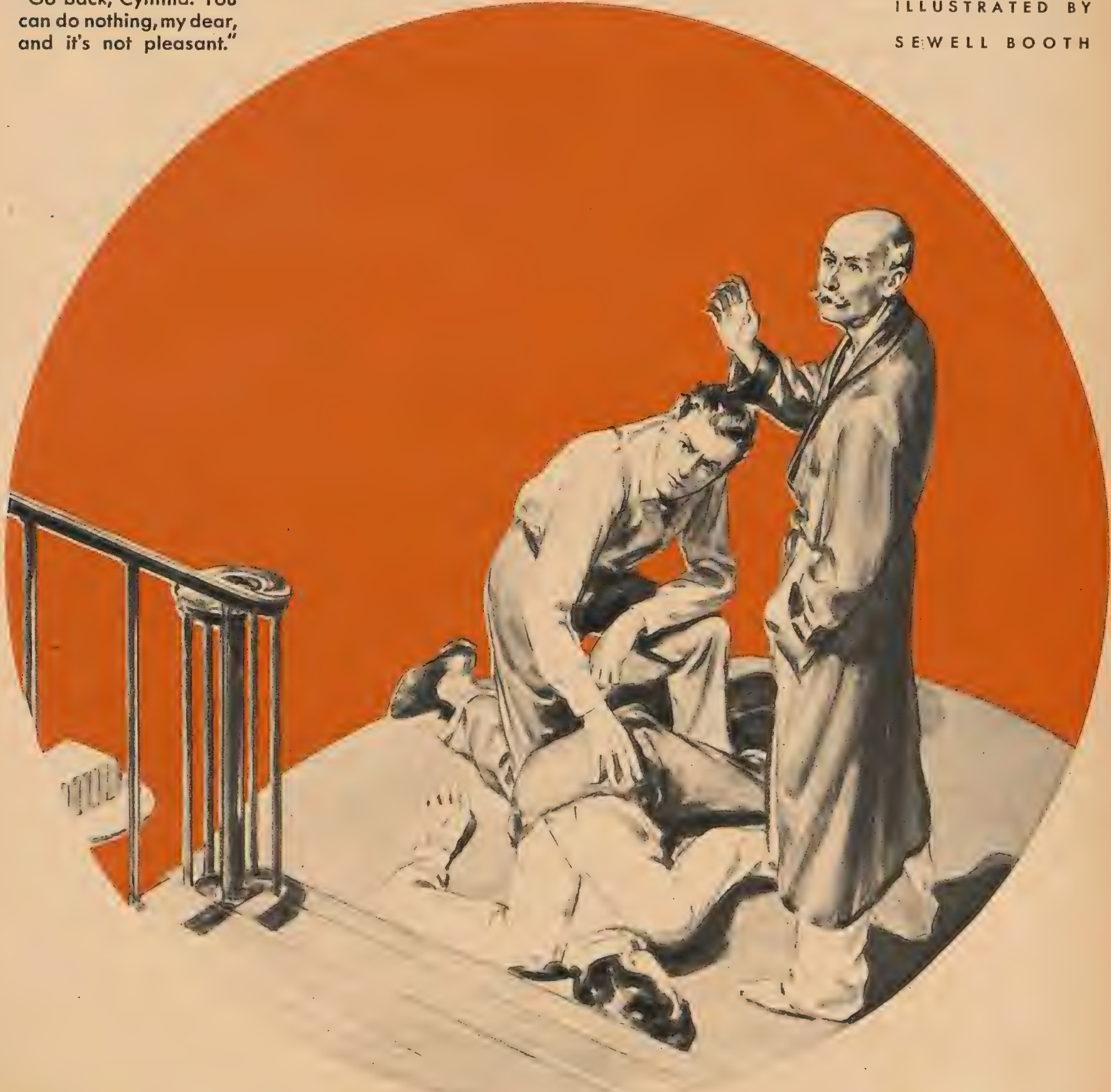
"I want Doc Keegan now—and Mrs. Baxter, if he's brought her round."

The old man left his post at his daughter's side. Morgan rose stiffly, said: "I'll find them."

The upper hall still was dark, but light came through

"Go back, Cynthia. You can do nothing, my dear, and it's not pleasant."

ILLUSTRATED BY SEWELL BOOTH



one open door and marked the cracks of another that stood ajar. Morgan moved toward this.

Shaded light made dim the figure on the bed. It was covered to the breast by blankets, unwrinkled by movement since they had been drawn up. Above the covers were shoulders cased in faded blue pajamas, and on the pillow lay, still as the effigy it might have been, the bandage-covered head and face of the injured man.

Chlorine hung in the air. Morgan sniffed and turned as the door ajar was opened wide and Dr. Keegan stepped into the hall. He heard the message Duff had sent, and nodded.

"I'll come now," he said. "I think Emma will stand questioning a little later. She's had a bad shock. Her husband is dead and she saw a ghost."

"Ghost!"

Dr. Keegan tiptoed into Strake's room, fixed the stethoscope to his ears, and bent over the bed. He inspected a jar and tube hanging from the headpost.

"To all intents, he is dead—or that racket would have killed him," he said when he returned.

The hall downstairs was empty, save for Drummond sitting beside the living room's closed door, and the still figure on the floor.

"I believe," said the professor—and puffed through his mustache—"that the—ah, minion of the law is to question us, one by one. He took Cynthia first."

They waited. At last the door opened and Duff peered out.

"Hi, doc," he said to Keegan. "Come in."

The portal closed again. After a moment Kelly came out, returned from the car with a small black satchel, and bent an instant over Baxter's body, then went on into the kitchen.

After ten minutes Duff opened the door and said, "Now, professor."

Drummond sighed, wrapped his gown more starkly about his lathlike body, and entered the living room.

Kelly came from the kitchen. He held the murder knife gingerly between fingertips. The trooper grinned at Morgan, who asked:

"Something?"

"Plenty," Kelly answered. "Clear as engraving. Open that door for me, like a good guy."

Morgan admitted him to the living room. The trooper kicked the portal shut behind him. Feet padded on the porch, and Hamlet gave a high plaintive whine.

He waited and watched the body at the rug's far end until Duff called him in.

The knife lay on the table at which Kelly now sat with an ink pad and paper before him. The others had been fingerprinted. Unbidden, Morgan walked over to the table, pressed down upon the pad and transferred the prints to a clean sheet of paper. Kelly, after looking at them an instant, shook his head and grinned.

"Wrong again, sergeant," he said to Duff.

DUFF told Morgan, as though his innocence were guilt, "Sit down." He began to shoot questions.

"Let me see that wound," he broke in as Morgan told of his dog-pursued flight up the kitchen steps. After inspection the sergeant granted: "It's a bite."

"Yes," Morgan agreed. "That was my idea."

"Then," Duff went on heavily, "you unlocked the door and—"

"No," the other broke in. "It wasn't locked."

Dr. Keegan cut in to say the door had a spring lock, set only from the inside. Possibly the Baxters, when they went to bed, had neglected to lock it.

"Doc," Duff asked, "can we talk to the woman?"

Dr. Keegan left the room to see.

"There's no one else, professor? Except Mrs. Baxter, I mean."

"And Wallace Strake," Drummond replied.

"The one that was hurt? How bad is he? Maybe—"

Cynthia said with blighting quiet:

"He's—dying."

Dr. Keegan opened the door and spoke encouragement to the woman he guided. Emma Baxter wore a flannel wrapper. Her large body quaked beneath it at each gasping breath and her face was swollen and blotched by weeping. She submitted to the routine of fingerprinting, darting quick glances about the room.

Kelly finished his task and wiped the trembling hands.

Cynthia rose and drew the woman down upon the small couch beside her.

Duff asked Kelly: "Anything?" and the trooper looked up from his comparison and shook his head. Duff questioned the woman, who answered in husky half whispers.

She had finished the dishes and had gone up to bed in her room at the head of the stairs on the third floor. Al had got a quart of whisky on his afternoon off and had been drinking. At length he had come to bed. She was almost asleep when he got up again. He said he needed one more drink, and went downstairs. The dog had waked her, at last, with his barking, and she found her husband had not come back. Then she heard funny sounds.

"Then what did you do?"

"I—I went—an' looked down the stairs. I didn't—I didn't see Al. I didn't know—I only saw It."

"It? Who?"

THE woman's shoulders quaked. "Creepin' up the stairs," she said at last. She looked fearfully about the room and dropped her voice. "The ghost."

Duff turned to Dr. Keegan: "This Strake. What about him?"

"I have been with him all night. He's unconscious," Keegan answered.

"All right," Duff said, with a victimized air. "Baxter's dead out there, though. It was some one who got in by that back door. A burglar, maybe. We'll search the house and then get those fingerprints to barracks."

. . . . .

Morgan woke and blinked at sunlight on the wall. His body ached. The sanity of morning scoffed at the tragedy of the night. But he found, as he dressed, that the blackened wound on his thigh was no fantasy, nor the rent in his trousers an illusion.

It seemed days, not hours, since he had seen Cynthia. It was greatly exciting that, in just a few minutes now, he would be with her again.

He pulled on coat and vest and ran downstairs, still buttoning them. At their foot, for all his haste, he stopped short.

He had neglected to close the garage door when, finally, he had come back to bed. The low sun threw light past the stern of the blue coupé into the shed's far corner.

The tools over which Drummond had stumbled the evening before still stood where Morgan had stowed them. But pick and shovel had been clean then. They were streaked and clotted with clay now, and that clay, Morgan found with a small cold thrill, was fresh.

Instinct whispered that he had come upon another lonely fragment of the crime. Thoughtfully he looked at the house. He felt his heart stop and then jump forward. Cynthia Drummond came out of the kitchen, hung a wet dish towel on the line between the porch posts, and went in again. Sight of her lifted him.

He went across the yard. As he reached the kitchen steps he glanced about nervously; but the Great Dane did not appear.

Cynthia, stowing dishes away beyond the open pantry door, looked out and smiled as he entered.

"Hello," she hailed, and waved a plate.

There was strain beneath her gaiety. She was more appealing, more terribly desirable.

"Hello," he answered; "I overslept"—and for an instant could force no more speech through a full throat.

"Help yourself," she told him. "It's a buffet breakfast. Tony—Dr. Keegan—left an hour ago. He took Mrs. Baxter with him. She was scared to stay—poor thing."

"And you?" he asked, and loved her the more for her smile.

"I'm fine—and grateful to God I've too much to do to think. If there's anything you need and can't find, call me."

She was going away. He asked desperately:

"And Mr. Strake?"

(Continued on page 24)

SEE HOW FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER-MISER MAKES ICE *CHEAPER* THAN YOU CAN BUY IT

SLASHES CURRENT COST! - KEEPS FOOD SAFER, TOO!

See Proof
at Your Frigidaire
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LOOK INSIDE...
SEE FOR YOURSELF
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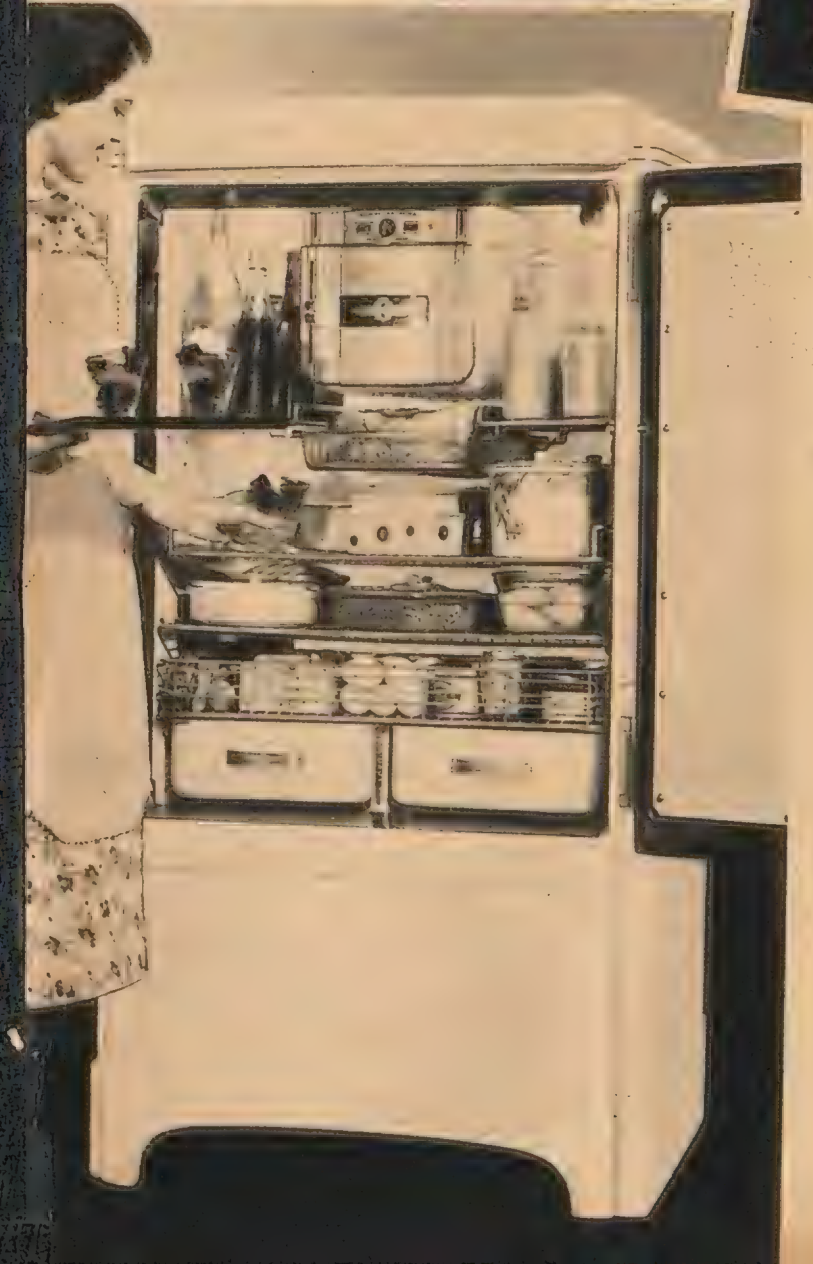
Ice freezes faster in *metal* trays than in trays made of any other material. *Every* tray, in *every* Frigidaire is a new *fast-freezing* All-Metal Quickube Tray with the Instant Cube-Release. Releases ice-cubes instantly. Yields 20% more ice by ending the mess and waste of melting loose under faucet.

Only Frigidaire has it!



Proof of the Most Complete Ice Service Ever Known!

Your Frigidaire Dealer Invites You to Come in and See It

• Now—right at your Frigidaire dealer's—you can see the many displays that give *Proof* of Frigidaire's Greater Ice-Ability!

See how, in practically every locality, Frigidaire makes ice cheaper than you can buy it for home use . . . all the while keeping food safer, fresher, longer — even in hottest weather!

See, too, how the *fast-freezing* All-Metal Quickube Tray ends work and waste of melting cubes loose. And watch an electric meter test *prove* the famous Meter-Miser cuts current cost to the bone!

Proof saves you money, saves regret. And Frigidaire gives you *proof* of completeness in All 5 Basic Refrigeration Services. No wonder Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser is the largest-selling refrigerator in all the world! And it costs no more than an ordinary refrigerator.

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

See PROOF that FRIGIDAIRE is Complete in All 5 Basic Services for Home Refrigeration

1. GREATER ICE-ABILITY

   Ends "Cube-Struggle" and "Ice-Famine"! Yields 20% more ice—faster! Ends meltage and faucet waste.

2. GREATER STORAGE-ABILITY

   New 9-Way Adjustable Interior! Adjusts like magic to suit any size or shape of food.

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   Keeps food safer, fresher, longer! Proved by Food-Safety Indicator with dial on door — always in plain sight.

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   Built and backed by General Motors! 5-Year Protection Plan on the sealed-in mechanism.

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   Meter-Miser Cuts Current Cost to the Bone! See its lower operating cost proved with an actual electric meter test.

Most Complete Refrigeration Service Ever Known

FRIGIDAIRE
MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from page 22)

She paused in the open dining-room door.

"No worse," she said half defiantly. "Better, if anything. I was sure last night. Even Dr. Keegan admits it this morning."

She was gone. He ate his breakfast so absently that twice the coffee scalded him.

He was carrying dishes to the sink when Drummond came in. Drummond looked hard at the solemn tanned face. "Do you care to tell me why you left the state troopers?"

"I'll tell you exactly why, sir—and how."

His host heard him through. He nodded violently when the young man ended.

"I thought it was something equally innocent. The chivalrous don't fare well in the present world, do they?"

He dug the spent cigarette out of the ivory tube and, looking up again, said mildly:

"Confidence for—ah, confidence, my boy. Dr. Keegan accused you. He talked to some one—barracks, I think—over the telephone after you'd gone to bed. Some coroner's matter, I believe. But he came to me afterward and tried to implicate you with the—ah, elusive Mr. Arthur."

Morgan felt oddly heartened. The doctor saw in him a rival. He grinned at the thought and said aloud:

"I should like to meet Arthur—just once again."

Drummond chuckled, and then grew grave. "Morgan, what do you think of that—ah, ghastly mess last night?"

"I think," the other answered promptly, "that I've never heard of a case I'd rather work on—for many reasons. I want to stay here."

Silence came. Drummond at last asked, "Why?"

"For two reasons." The younger man spoke slowly and distinctly. "First, and less important, I've been practically kicked out of the department. I'd like to solve this murder for the sinful pride it would give me. The second reason, Professor Drummond, is that I love your daughter."

Drummond watched the younger man for a minute and seemed to gather himself together for confession.

"Morgan," he said at last, "I don't like Dr. Keegan. I have no reasons. But I don't like Keegan, and I think Cynthia knows it."

Morgan asked: "May I apply for Baxter's job, professor? I can make myself generally useful for bed and board. And perhaps," he added more slowly, "I can find who killed my predecessor. And another reason—I have the feeling that Keegan wants me to go."

FAR beyond the garage a rifle banged. A second shot caught up the rattling echoes of the first and brought the two men to their feet. They stared at each other. Then Morgan remembered and gave a weak grin.

"Our nerves," he said, "aren't at their best this morning. The deer season opens oday."

Drummond mopped his face. "If you have a yearning for excitement, Morgan, indulge in it while you're young. When you're my age you won't like it."

The telephone shrilled.

"Excuse me," Drummond begged; "I'll have to take it here. The—ah, late-unlamented is still in the living room.

"Yes," he said into the transmitter. "Yes. . . . Naturally. . . . Indeed. . . . Certainly. . . . I'll be glad to."

He sat and stared at the telephone, when he had set it down, with a dazed, resentful air, as though it had bitten him.

"They've identified those fingerprints," Drummond said slowly. "They were made by Flash Arthur."

Each man watched the other's still and stupefied face. Morgan's host said at length:

"You asked for a job a little while ago. You're hired."

. . . .

Morgan went out of Drummond's study and down the stairs a half-hour later.

Duff had told Drummond that the Bureau of Investigation, the detective division of the state police, was taking over the case and that men from both Troops E and F were hunting for Arthur.

The odds were against any single man who competed with the deft organization tracking the criminal, with all its power—skilled man hunters, dozens of troopers. Morgan was beaten before he started.

The air was cooler in the lower hall and the living-room door now stood open. A long black wagon rolled down the drive. Baxter's body was being taken away. Morgan went into the kitchen.

Cynthia Drummond sat at the table and peeled potatoes. She looked at him with more surprise than welcome.

"Dr. Keegan was asking about you. I thought you'd gone."

"Me go? Without telling you good-by? You get the funniest ideas. I've been with your father."

"Then you'll stay for lunch?"

He would not be daunted by her manner. Even when she was most hostile, her presence made him feel a little drunk.

A distant rifle spoke. He said cheerfully:

"Somebody saw another deer—or a hunter."

SHE spoke scornfully: "I've been wondering if there's anything more imbecile than humanity. You're a criminal if you kill another man. But go out and shoot a defenseless, timid, beautiful animal, and you're a bold sportsman."

He wanted to tell her she was utterly lovely and that without her his life could have no meaning. Instead he said: "You had roast beef for supper last night."

"That is no defense. Man raises beef for one end, and butchers it mercifully. And I never heard a butcher called a model of fine red-blooded sportsmanship, did you?"

"A very shaky argument," he said.

She glared at him. "When there's no other answer to an argument, it's always called 'shaky.'"

Morgan grinned. He said:

"Of course you're a Communist and—"

"I'm not."

"Well, you call yourself a radical, then. And they're the blindest thinkers in the world."

He thought for an instant she would throw her half-peeled potato at him.

She looked furiously at his smiling face, turned, set a saucepan on the stove, and then said: "How did you ever learn so much about me in so short a time?"

He met her eyes. His body tingled and his voice was hoarse. She saw him go pale. He said:

"It's a long time. You see, I've been thinking about you for the better part of twenty-five years."

For an instant his eyes held hers. Then she gave a little sound and whirled about. He found himself staring at the swinging pantry door.

There was a car in the back yard when Morgan went down the kitchen steps, and at its wheel sat Kelly.

"Hi, Jack. Still haunting the scene of the crime?"

"You bet. And you?"

Kelly shrugged and spread gauntleted hands.

"You know the old sarge. Conscience is his middle name and he's all apart this morning. I've been driving him from hell to breakfast, trying to get some slant on Arthur."

Morgan said: "I've been wondering whether Baxter had a line on those jewels and Arthur—"

He checked himself. He had forgotten that he no longer was a trooper. His former patrol mate shook his head.

"It's out. Baxter was doing six months for moonshining when Arthur gypped his girl friend. Baxter couldn't know where the loot was hidden. He didn't get out of the coop till after Arthur was sent to Longrock."

"That clears up everything, then, eh?"

"Yeh," Kelly answered grimly. "Doesn't it just? What are you doing snooping round here, Jack?"

Morgan looked hard at the freckled face of his former mate. It was guileless.

"Tim," he said, "I'm the chief suspect, no less. You know that. I let Arthur get by. I'm on the field first when he knocks off Baxter. I don't blame you for your suspicions, but—"

(Continued on page 26)

Three little words by Noah Webster...

dry: lacking sweetness

tell why you'll like Paul Jones

WE'VE lifted three little words out of the dictionary to tell you one of the reasons why so many gentlemen find keen satisfaction in Paul Jones whiskey.

The reason is this: Paul Jones is a *dry* whiskey—robust and deep-flavored—yet utterly lacking in sweetness. And it's this *dryness* that gives a whiskey, (champagne and sherry, too), its tang and brisk flavor.

In fact, the pleasing *dryness* of Paul Jones, coupled with its other forthright qualities, will quickly convince you that this noble liquor fully merits the renown it has enjoyed as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" since 1865.

Paul Jones
★ ★ ★ ★
A
BLEND
OF
STRAIGHT WHISKIES

★ ★ ★ ★

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Four Roses, Old Oscar Pepper brand, Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Also Paul Jones Four Star Distilled Dry Gin (90 proof), distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

Continued from pag [illegible] ix," Kelly broke in, "I know you; Duff knows you—we aren't that dumb. Listen. How's chances of your coming back?"

His earnestness touched Morgan.

"I started this, Tim, by letting Arthur get by. This is under your hat, fella: I've got a cockeyed idea I'll feel better, maybe, if I can find him. Maybe then—"

"Cockeyed," the other said, "is right; but have it your own way."

"Be seeing you," Morgan said, and moved off. . . .

Morgan lay on his bed in the chamber above the garage and heard the patrol car drive away. The murder made no sense. Clearly, Baxter had not known Arthur; yet the fugitive, hard pressed, had tarried in his flight to kill and make pursuit more vengeful and escape more difficult.

And Keegan's enmity! Could he have shared in Baxter's murder?

What had frightened Mrs. Baxter last night on the stairs? Something almost had unseated her reason. She said it looked like a ghost. Well, what did a ghost look like?

IT was hopeless to try to fit such unrelated and incomplete fragments into coherence. It was doubly hard when memory of Cynthia, standing wide-eyed and still by the pantry door, kept breaking into his mind.

Morgan rolled from the bed with a groan. He went downstairs, and stopped short before the pick and shovel on which the betraying clay had dried and flaked. Here was the one clue search might improve.

He circled the big gaunt house with assumed idleness, looking for sign of freshly stirred earth in garden or lawn, keeping meanwhile a lookout for Hamlet. He found neither. He stretched and yawned in full view of the house and then strolled off behind the garage.

Here were cow barn and yard, both long unused, and, past the bars of the enclosure, a path running uphill through brown pasture. The path forked. The wider branch went toward a tree-covered knoll with the moldering brown roof and rusty smokestack of an old sugarhouse jutting through the branches.

In all the shaggy reaches of wasteland he found no sign of digging more recent than a patch of ground, cleared and plowed at least a year before.

Beyond the knoll, the rifle of a deer hunter spoke thrice. Caution bade Morgan go home. He compromised by taking the path's fainter branch, followed it briefly downhill through thick brush, and then halted. He thought for an instant that it was a slain doe that lay on the track before him. Then he saw that it was the dog Hamlet. He had been shot through the head.

Morgan bent over the Great Dane. Already the long legs were stiff. The bullet mark on the forehead was rimmed with black and the brass-studded collar was pulled up about the cropped ears.

Beyond the body, the path gave out, smothered by briers. The dog had not been killed here. Blood had stained the heavy muzzle, yet there was none on the frost-browned weeds under the head or on the earth beneath.

Who could have wished Hamlet dead?

There was nothing more to gain by staying here. The frozen ground even now was only beginning to soften under the midday sun. There were no footprints to be seen on the path, save his own. He looked once more at the great still body, and, moved by sudden sympathy, bent and patted its shoulder. Then he went back the way he had come, and at the paths forking almost ran into Cynthia and Dr. Keegan.

To Morgan, the sudden meeting had all the shock of actual collision. He had the feeling, as he groped for speech, that Keegan had been even more startled than he. The physician had been following the girl along the path.

What is behind the killing of the Great Dane? And who can be guilty of it—and why? Will it involve the young trooper still further? And is there some sinister connection between Dr. Keegan and Cynthia? Next week's Liberty will startle you with its revelations.

A TRUE STORY BY ZANE GREY

ZANE GREY
Famous Author of Popular Western Thrillers

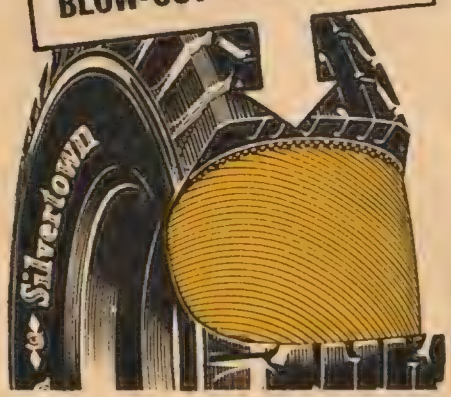
HE WAS RIDING ON DYNAMITE AND NEVER KNEW IT UNTIL..

"This Close Shave," says Zane Grey, "Should Make Every Motorist Think Twice Before Gambling on Tires."

THERE is one motoring mishap that the best of drivers cannot forecast. And it caught Edward Zachary of Hartford, Conn., completely off guard. He was whizzing along the North Ford road at a good clip when BANG! Quicker than a Texas Ranger could draw a gun, the right front tire blew out. An uncontrollable drag yanked the car smack alongside of a guard-rail. Flying wheels mowed down fence posts.

Today's faster driving conditions call for a *special* tire. The Goodrich Safety Silvertown is just that kind of a tire. It's the *only* tire with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This life-saving invention is a layer of *special* rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the treacherous blowout-causing heat generated *inside* all tires by today's higher speeds. By resisting this heat, these Goodrich Silvertowns give you *real* protection against the many blow-outs caused by high speeds. From now on you'll find Edward Zachary's car equipped with Silvertowns. For the protection of your family and friends make *your next set of tires* Golden Ply Silvertowns.

ONLY GOODRICH SILVERTOWNS GIVE YOU GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION



Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

ONLY ONE MORE WEEK TO GO TO

WIN A THOROUGHBRED DOG

KEEP YOUR ENTRY UP TO DATE!

WHEN you have solved the composite pictures on this page you will have completed nine tenths of the solutions in this contest. There will be only one more week to go. If you have carried an entry along to this point, by all means stay in the game. Keep up with the field by solving this week's puzzles right now. The prizes are almost within reach. And, by the way, have you selected the breed of dog on which to base the brief statement of preference called for in Rule 3? If you have reached a definite decision it may save you time to draft a preliminary statement now. You will have ample time to revise your choice or edit your statement before the contest closes. Getting a start on your statement now may aid you in perfecting a winning entry. Every entry must include such a statement and none will be considered by the judges if the statement is not submitted.

Fifty words is the limit. How much can you tell in as few words as that? Be sure you look for the final three composites next week.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, beginning with the issue dated May 29, Liberty will publish three composite pictures in which three well known breeds of dogs are represented.

2. To compete, cut each week's pictures apart and reassemble the pieces as you think they should go. Under each completed picture identify the breed of dog it represents.

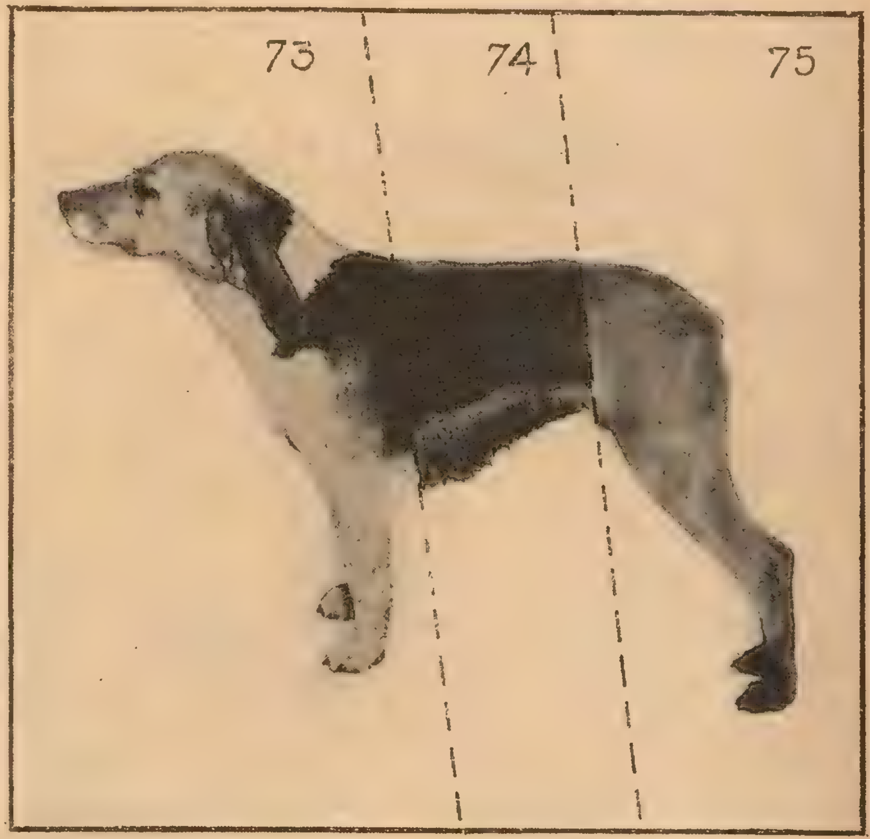
3. Do not send in separate solutions. Wait until the end of the contest, when your set of thirty will be complete, and then send them in as a unit, all at the same time, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of the various breeds you would most like to own and why.

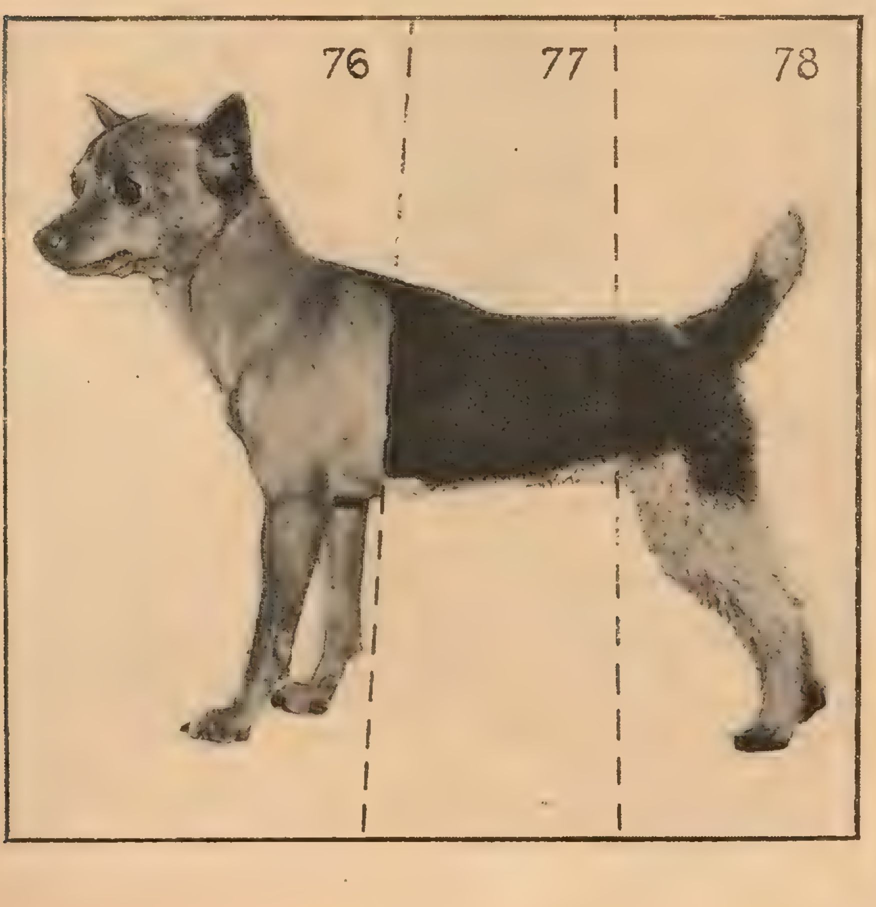
4. For each of the twenty-five sets of most nearly accurate solutions accompanied by the most convincing and sincere statements of preference, Liberty will award a pedigreed dog. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be made. Every effort will be made to award a dog of the breed specified in the winner's statement, but Liberty cannot guarantee this in all instances. Prize dogs will be shipped, prepaid, direct from the kennels to winners.

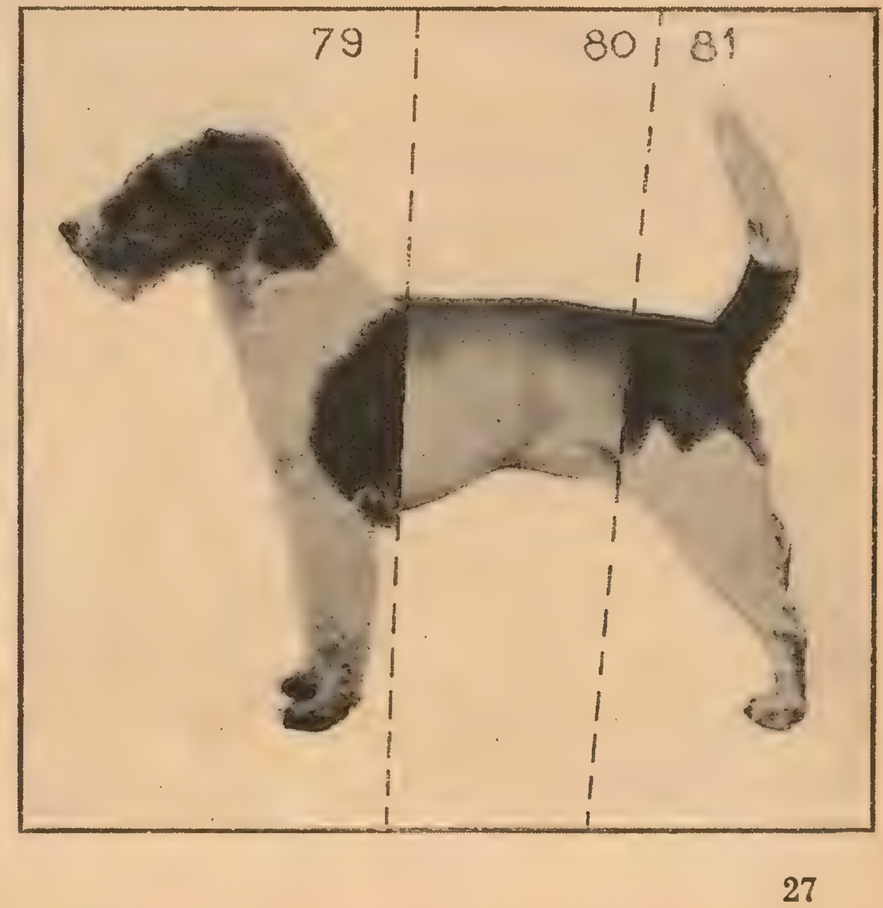
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, August 11, 1937, the closing date of this contest. All prize-winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for publication in whole or in part, as they may desire.

6. Send entries by first-class mail addressed to DOG CONTEST EDITOR, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into any correspondence relative to any entry.







GETAWAY

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

I LIKED Doc the first time I saw him.

That was about four years ago. He was a police surgeon then, and I was working out of Central on the robbery detail. My partner and I had tried to shoot it out with a couple of stick-ups and I'd gotten winged in an arm. Nothing serious. But Doc had taken as much trouble with it as if I'd been hit in the guts, and—thanks to him—that arm is as good as ever today. See?

He'd just gone to work for the Emergency Hospital and was on night duty. I began seeing a lot of Doc from then on. Both of us had been through a lot—he in his line and me in mine—and both of us liked to play pinochle, too.

He was a mysterious kind of a guy. Not over thirty-five, big, good-looking, and a swell operator according to the other medicos in the hospital. But there was something burnt out about him, if you get what I mean. From the way he talked, you could tell he must have had a fine education and could have been a whole lot more than a police surgeon if he had wanted to be. But he didn't seem to give a hoot. Didn't seem to have any ambition. You meet guys like him every now and then, and they make you wonder how they got that way. I finally found out what was wrong with Doc—but that's getting quite a ways ahead of my story.

I hadn't known him a week before I could tell there was one thing in life he *did* care a cuss about, and that was liquor. Man alive, could he punish the stuff!

"How can you do it," I used to ask him, "and keep on cutting them in the right places?"

"It's a gift," he used to say. And that's all he ever would say about it.

I don't know how long he had been hitting it that way before I knew him. It couldn't have been for long, because I could see a big change in him after I'd known him only a few months. It got so his eyes were almost always bloodshot and worse, he got so he couldn't take his shift at the hospital without enough brandy inside him to throw a horse. I don't know why the other doctors and the nurses didn't get on to him.

But—and that was another reason why you couldn't help liking Doc—he'd no sooner step inside an operating room than he'd be a different guy. He used to ask me to go with him every now and then to watch him work, and gosh, when he got his whites on you couldn't even smell his breath! I often wish I'd thought to ask him what he used, but I'm telling you he got away with it. And never once did I see his hands tremble with the knife only a whisper away from an artery.

I guess a surgeon's hands only have to tremble once—in the wrong place. . . .

I didn't see the thing happen, because he didn't ask me to go along with him to the hospital that night after a pinochle session at the Dutchman's which ended with him getting sore at me for the first time since I'd known him. He got sore at me because I told him I wasn't going to let him go to work that night in the condition he was in.

ARTHUR SHELDON

BY SCOTT LITTLETON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SHELDON

A thrilling tale of a fast-thinking girl and a copper who met his match

He could hardly read the cards, let alone play pinochle! I'd never seen him like that before.

If only I'd followed my better judgment that night! But I let him talk me out of it. After all, I'd seen him almost as bad as that before, and seen him do his stuff cold sober right afterward. And I did pour a lot of coffee into him and make him show me, before he left, that his hands were steady and his mind clear enough, or so it seemed to me.

I read all about it next morning in the papers.

Maybe if Doc's victim had been just another bum it would have gone unnoticed. But his victim happened to be the son of a bank president, brought into the Emergency Hospital with his head smashed up in a traffic crash. Doc had operated. It had been the most tricky kind of an operation, and would have saved the kid's life—if it had been done right—done as Doc *could* have done it.

I've always blamed myself a little for that kid's death. Because there was no question but that Doc killed him. The papers said Doc had gone all to pieces right in the middle of the operation. There was even an editorial against the hospital staff for allowing a drunken surgeon to operate. As if any one had ever before been able to tell when Doc was drunk!

But there'd been no mistaking it this time, and the papers said a charge of manslaughter was going to be filed against him. Doc, it seemed, had left the hospital before he could be put under arrest, and the police as yet had not been able to find him.

He had lammed, all right. I checked his apartment and all the spots where I figured he might be holed up, trying to get himself together; but there wasn't a trace of him.

It was a hard nut to crack—Doc's lamming like that. Somehow, he hadn't seemed like the sort of guy who'd run from trouble, drunk or sober. And yet, looking back over the months I'd known him, I realized how little I had known about him, after all.

He was indicted for manslaughter and a warrant for his arrest was turned over to the fugitive detail. There was a pretty fair newspaper picture of him available, and this was reproduced on a circular and sent around the country. The father of the dead kid offered a five-thousand-dollar reward for him, which was printed on the circular, and it looked like only a question of time before he'd be picked up somewhere.

But months went by and he wasn't picked up. Finally I figured he never would be.

Three years went by. . . .

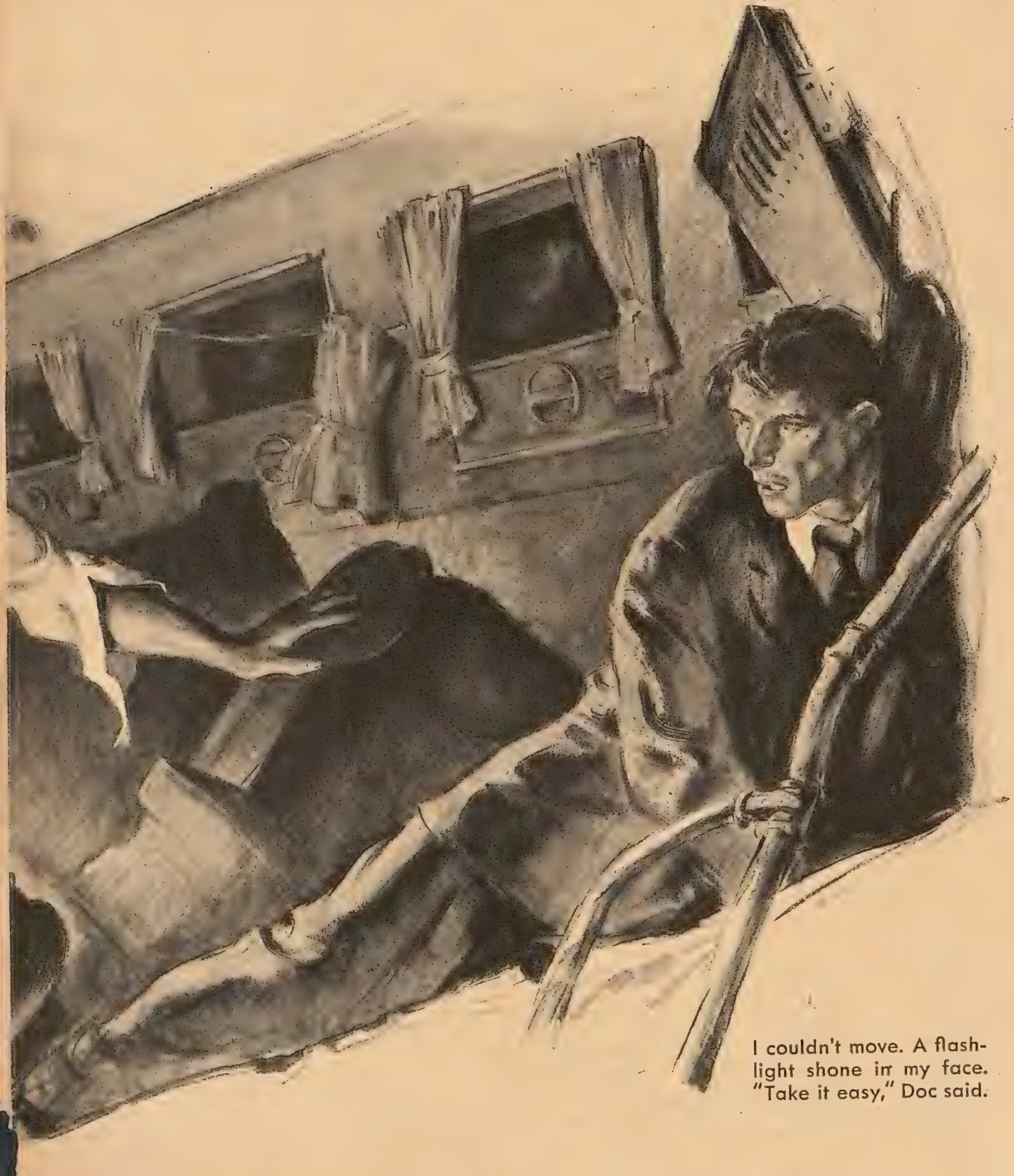
Then one day the chief called me into his office and showed me a police mug—front and side views—of a guy.

"Recognize him?" he asked.

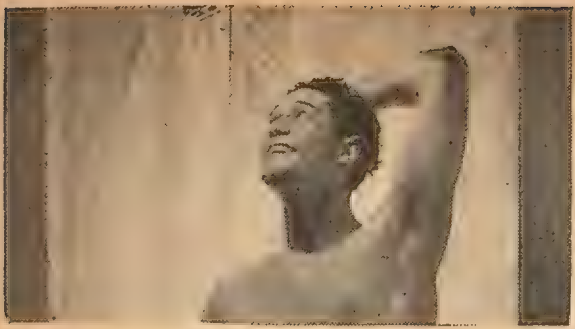
It was Doc, all right. The chief said the mug had come in from a town way up in the north of Michigan.

"The five grand did it," he said. "And it goes to one of those punk amateur detectives!"

But if he was thinking about the five grand, I wasn't. I was only thinking about a guy I'd liked a whole lot in



I couldn't move. A flashlight shone in my face. "Take it easy," Doc said.



How a dozen men in the club got

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Smith was a CARRIER*

SMITH didn't realize he was a victim of Athlete's Foot — spreading infection wherever he tread barefoot—until the skin between his toes got painfully raw.

Don't wait for serious trouble to develop before applying Absorbine Jr. If your feet have been exposed to damp surfaces—in the shower or locker-room at the club, at the beach or swimming pool—examine the skin between your toes at once.

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★ People infected with Athlete's Foot are "Carriers." According to the U. S. Public Health Service, at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

spite of everything—a guy who'd talked my language and who'd played a swell game of pinochle.

"I'm sending you back after him," the chief said. "He's waived extradition."

"O. K.," I said.

Ever read detective-story magazines, in which the mugs and descriptions of wanted men are printed, with the rewards offered for them? Well, it was through one of those, the chief said, that Doc had been picked up. Under another name, he had been practicing medicine in a little Michigan town, and had been doing pretty well at it when some young punk had seen his resemblance to the magazine mug.

I pulled out next morning, and four days later I was in the little northern Michigan town where they were holding him.

Doc looked relieved to see me. And although they'd had him in their little can for ten days, I'd never seen him looking better.

"I can still beat you playing pinochle, anyhow," was almost the first thing he said.

I remember saying something about how well he looked and that he must have been on the wagon for a long time.

"Yes," he said. "Ever since."

He stuck his toothbrush and safety razor in his coat pocket and got all ready to go.

"It's pretty bad, isn't it?" he said.

"Pretty bad," I said.

Then he kind of bit his lips hard and stuck out his wrists to me for the cuffs.

But I shook my head.

"Not between you and me, Doc," I said. "Besides, how could we play pinochle?"

He gave a real laugh at that. I signed out for him and we started for the railroad station. A train back to Detroit came along and we got aboard. I had a deck of cards with me, but we didn't get ourselves a table right away and start using them. Doc wanted to talk.

I SUPPOSE you've wondered how I ever got started hitting the stuff like that," he said.

I told him I'd often wondered, but hadn't asked him because I'd figured he'd have told me if he'd felt like it.

"It's the same kind of a story you've heard a lot of times before," he said.

"Money—or a girl?" I asked.

"A girl," he said. "It's funny how they can get you that way, isn't it?"

"I guess it all depends on how you're built," I said.

"And on the girl," he said.

"Yes," I said.

He lit up a cigar I gave him and sat looking out the train window for a while.

"I guess I really loved her," he said finally. "I guess I did—because I wanted to marry her."

"You got to think a heap of 'em for that," I said.

"I did," he said.

"And she wouldn't marry you?"

"No."

He smoked up some more.

"She was a nurse," he said. "I met her in the hospital where I was an interne. The first time I saw her I knew I had to have her, and it wasn't long before I did. She wasn't a push-over; it just worked out that way. And I thought that was all there was going to be to it. Only it didn't work out that way with me. The more I saw of her the more I wanted her. It kept on that way after I left the hospital and started practicing for myself. I don't know what it was about her, but I tell you she got to be like a drug."

"I've read about that kind of stuff," I said. "Why wouldn't she marry you?"

"She married somebody else," he said.

"A rich guy?"

"A lot richer than I was."

"Was that all?"

"It seemed to be enough for her."

I guess I haven't got any romance in me. I can see how a guy can go for a dame—but if the dame don't go for him, what's the percentage?

I told Doc that, but he said no.

YOU don't understand," he said, slowly. "She did go for me."

It was getting too deep for me.

"She loved you," I said, "and yet married somebody else?"

"She loved me," he said, "and yet married somebody else."

I rang the bell for the porter.

"Let's play some pinochle," I said.

"Let's," he said.

The porter set a table up between us and I got out my deck of cards.

"I guess she was ambitious," he said. I was laying out the pack. "She married the guy just before I joined your department."

"So that's why you started hitting it?" I said.

"Yes," he said.

I shoved the cards over to him to cut for deal, but he wasn't through talking.

"Her marriage didn't last," he said.

"The guy lose his money?"

"Yes," he said. "But that wasn't why it didn't last. The guy didn't really love her. She had to leave him."

"Divorce?"

"Yes."

He caught the deal and started shelling them out.

"Have you heard from her lately?" I asked him.

"I've heard about her," he said. "She's back to work again."

"Where?" I asked.

"Stewardess on the Continental Air Lines."

"She know about this jam you're in?"

"No," he said—"thank God!"

"They won't give you over two years," I said.

"They might as well hang me," he said.

He stopped talking and we got down to some serious pinochle. He hadn't lost his old touch, and when we rolled into Detroit he'd taken five bucks away from me. He took five bucks more away from me between Detroit and Chicago. I was glad to lose it to him, because it was the last real money he'd win at pinochle for a long while. Up in the Big House they play for tobacco.

We had a two-hour lay over in Chicago before the train west came along. But the question of how we were going to kill those two hours was settled for us as we stepped onto the station platform. A telegraph messenger was right there, calling out my name. He handed me a telegram, and it was from my chief, telling me to come home as fast as I could. My testimony was badly needed in a trial that was going on—a stick-up-kidnaping case in which I'd made the pinch—and the state had gotten a one-day postponement.

Which meant only one thing for us, of course.

A plane. . .

The chief's telegram said to hop the first one west with my prisoner. At ten o'clock the next morning, he said, I was to be in Department Ten of the Superior Court. That was O. K. by me; I'd be there.

But I'll never forget Doc's face when I read the telegram to him and told him we were going to take a plane.

"Airplane?" he said, looking at me almost like I'd hit him.

"Why not?" I said. Then I remembered. The nurse he had told me about; stewardess on the Continental Air Lines.

"It don't mean she'll be on the one we'll take," I said.

"She might be," he said, with a kind of hopeless look.

WE went along into the station and I checked the air lines. There was no getting away from it: if I was to be in Department Ten of the Superior Court next morning, the Continental Air Lines was my only bet. The next through plane home would leave the airport in about twenty minutes. There was just time to grab a taxi and get over there.

"If she's on it, you don't have to worry," I told him.

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"I don't have to be traveling with you, do I?" I said.

"You're a good guy," he said.

"You're a sucker for a dame," I said. I meant it, too.

The big transport was just taxiing up to the passenger ramp when we got to the airport. While I was buying our tickets Doc stood alongside me looking out the windows at it.

"There's always the chance she *does* know," he said.

"There's a bigger chance she don't," I said. "There are lots of guys in the papers with your name." I picked up my satchel and we went out onto the ramp with the other passengers.

The big plane swung around and stopped with its propellers swishing

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT PIKE'S PEAK
THE GARDEN OF THE GODS! WHY, DADDY, IT'S AS PRETTY AS - AS A PICTURE POSTCARD
IT'S JUST ONE OF THE MANY GRAND THINGS TO BE SEEN IN THIS PIKES PEAK REGION, CHUBBINS
O-O-OH- THIS BALANCED ROCK GIVES ME A SCARY FEELING
WELL, IT'S BEEN STANDING HERE A LONG TIME - I DON'T THINK IT WILL FALL TODAY
WHOEVER LIVED IN THOSE QUEER CLIFF HOUSES?
A STRANGE LOST RACE KNOWN AS THE 'LITTLE PEOPLE.' WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY CAME FROM OR WHERE THEY WENT. AND JUST THINK, THESE DWELLINGS WERE ACTUALLY MOVED HERE INTACT FROM THEIR ANCIENT SITE
OH, DADDY, THERE'S THE FAMOUS COG-RAILWAY CAR. I WISH WE HAD COME UP ON IT. YOU MUST BE TIRED FROM THAT DRIVE
NOT AT ALL. I JUST KEPT THINKING HOW GOOD THIS PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT WOULD TASTE WHEN WE GOT UP HERE
NOW FOR A MILD, MELLOW SMOKE. YOU KNOW, CHUBBINS, THE LONGER A MAN GOES WITHOUT PRINCE ALBERT, THE MORE HE APPRECIATES HOW GOOD IT IS. IT ALWAYS SMOKES SO COOL, WITHOUT A BIT OF TONGUE-BITE!
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...says Seattle man

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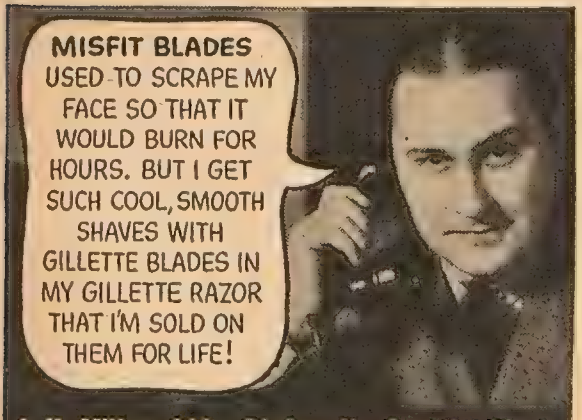
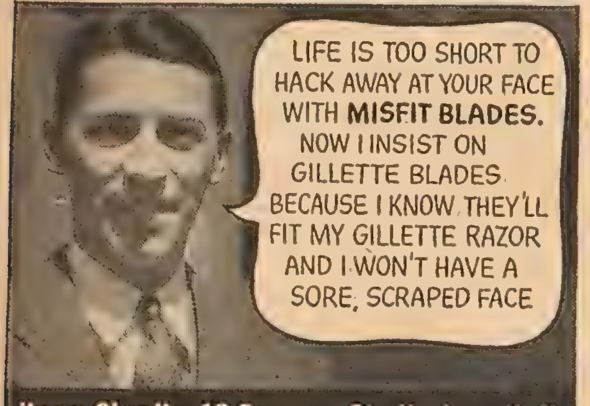

MISFIT BLADES USED TO SCRAPE MY FACE SO THAT IT WOULD BURN FOR HOURS. BUT I GET SUCH COOL, SMOOTH SHAVES WITH GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR THAT I'M SOLD ON THEM FOR LIFE!

J. H. Miller, 616—21 Ave. N., Seattle, Wash.


LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO HACK AWAY AT YOUR FACE WITH MISFIT BLADES. NOW I INSIST ON GILLETTE BLADES BECAUSE I KNOW THEY'LL FIT MY GILLETTE RAZOR AND I WON'T HAVE A SORE, SCRAPED FACE

Harry Chaplin, 12 Summer St., Nashua, N. H.

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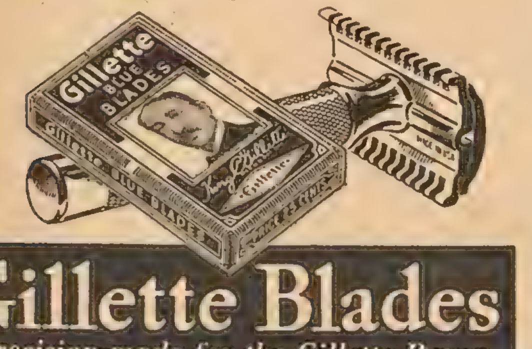

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

around slowly. The boarding steps and a truckload of baggage were being wheeled out by airport attendants. Its side opened and the stewardess in her green uniform and cocky little overseas cap appeared.

I looked at Doc—and he didn't have to tell me.

I was kind of surprised, too—because from that distance she didn't look like any Greta Garbo. But I'd given Doc my promise. I handed him his ticket and, just for good measure, my satchel, so he'd look like an honest-to-goodness passenger.

"Heads up!" I said, pushing him out of his trance.

He took a deep breath and we went on down the ramp to the plane. I let him get well ahead of me, so I wouldn't even be in the picture when they met.

She made him before he was halfway to the boarding steps. And from the look she gave him after she got over being surprised I was ready to believe all he'd said about her loving him, even though she hadn't married him. Also, as I got closer to her, I changed my long-distance opinion. She was really a pretty nice dish—if you like 'em blonde and boyish built.

No—there was no mistaking the look she gave him. It didn't last very long, because she was on duty and handing the passengers inside the plane one after the other as they came up the steps. Doc went on inside; but you could see the rest of us weren't going to mean much to her during that trip.

Doc was smart. He grabbed himself one of the rear seats, right next to where the stewardess stays most of the time on those planes. As it turned out later, it was a mighty good thing he did that. Without so much as looking at him, I shoved along forward to one of the seats behind the pilots' compartment. As it turned out later, you might say it was a damned good thing I did that, too.

PRETTY soon I heard some one outside the plane yell, "O. K.!" I turned around in my seat and saw her slam the side door shut and start for Doc, smiling. Then we were in the air and on our way.

I didn't look around again until we'd leveled off into the west and the houses in the city below us began to look like toys. Then I looked around and saw her talking to him while she wrote things on a pad. The passenger list, I guess. He was talking right back up at her, too, and grinning like a kid at a Christmas tree. You could see the poor guy had gotten over his worst hurdle. You could see she didn't know a darn thing about the jam he was in, and that they were taking up right where they'd left off. Just what he expected to gain by it, with the pen waiting for him, was beyond me. But if it made him feel any better I was glad to accommodate him.

It was a fast plane. Between Chicago and Cheyenne the girl did her stuff, passing out the chewing gum, cigarettes, and lunches, and being nice to the passengers—me along with the rest. But betweentimes she stayed back there with Doc.

A short stop at Cheyenne, with Doc making the most of it with her while the rest of us passengers stretched our legs. I can't tell you how sorry I felt for him at that point. It was like he was in kind of a dream—from which I'd have to wake him in only a few more hours. He only looked my way once, and rubbed his hand across his eyes when he did. Like I was something he didn't want to be reminded of.

Then we were off again, west over the Utah mountains. It had been pretty cold at Cheyenne, with a feel of snow in the air, although no snow had been falling. The sky hadn't looked any too good in the west, either. But the pilots hadn't seemed to be worried any about it. I heard one of them checking over some weather dope with a guy at the airport, and both of them had seemed to think it was O. K. to go on.

So we had gone on. . . .

IT was late in the afternoon when we left Cheyenne, and the muck through which we climbed seemed to make the darkness come on all the quicker. It was only about five in the afternoon, but outside it was beginning to get like night. All you could see through the cabin windows was a whole lot of nothing. In the seat across from me a fat guy stopped reading a magazine and began folding it over and over again in his hands, nervous-like. Most of the other passengers were kind of stiffening up in their seats, too. As if it made any difference what they did, up over those mountains!

The Wasatch Mountains, they call them. Bumpy? I've ridden quite a lot in planes, but I'm telling you that was a rough ride that night. And although you couldn't see them, you knew those mountains were down there a thousand feet or so below you. Hundreds of square miles of white snaggly teeth . . . waiting down there for something to happen. . . .

Well, that night happened to be their night. They got what they were waiting for.

If we'd only had just a few feet more altitude—

The last thing I remember, before it happened, was sneaking a look at Doc, back there with that girl. She was standing beside him, looking down at him and smiling while she steadied herself against the bumps. Looking down at him just like he was looking up at her. With a kind of hungry look, if you get what I mean. I'll never forget it. . . .

Then it happened.

A bomb exploded inside my head, and I didn't know anything more for quite a while.

When I opened my eyes, all I could see around me at first was darkness. And it was quiet, and still, and awfully cold. Then, as I began to come out of it, I started realizing things. Realizing that the fat guy who had been sitting across from me was dead, for one thing. Dead, and rolled up into a kind of ball under where the roof along that side of the cabin had crushed in. He was still holding on to his magazine, but his eyes were glassy and blood was running out of his ears.

I remember thinking it was funny he was dead, and funnier that my side of the cabin hadn't crushed in at all, and that I was up against the wall of the pilots' compartment like I'd been plastered there.

It seemed so quiet, I guess, because the motors weren't going. But pretty soon I began to hear things. Behind me there was a lot of heavy breathing, and somebody—it sounded like a woman—was moaning. I tried to move—and then I guess I must have fainted. Because when I opened my eyes the next time I couldn't move at all.

I wasn't hurting much at that point. I just couldn't move, even though I could see that nothing was holding me down. I couldn't move . . . and yet I was alive. . . .

I remember lying there and watching the snow begin to drop down through a long crack in the cabin roof. Cold? I can't begin to tell you how cold I was. I remember thinking I didn't stand a Chinaman's chance being in Department Ten of the Superior Court next morning. And then, having decided that, my head cleared a little and I began to wonder what had happened to Doc.

I called his name over and over again as loud as I could, and I'd about decided he was all jammed in with the others, when all of a sudden a pocket flashlight shone down in my face, and there he was, holding it.

"I'm right here," he said. "Take it easy."

He said he hadn't been hurt bad and had been doing what he could for a couple of passengers who were still alive in the back part of the cabin. He said that the pilots and everybody up front but me were dead. I must have been wearing a horseshoe around my neck, he said.

"What about her?" I asked him.

SHE isn't hurt bad," he said. "A bunged ankle. She's been helping me."

"What's the matter with me?" I asked. "I can't move."

"Your spine, I think," he said.

My spine!

"I'm awful cold," I said.

He took the light off my face and shined it toward the back of the cabin.

"Grab a couple of overcoats off of 'em and bring 'em up here," he called, and pretty soon the girl was wrapping me up. In the light I could see her face was white as a sheet and she was dragging one of her legs. I could see that Doc had a gash on top of his head and that his face was white, too.

She stayed with me while Doc went back to a woman who was beginning to scream. At that point the pain began to hit me. She eased me away from the front wall so I could lie flat, and it felt a little better.

Kreml users write an advertisement
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CLEVELAND FEB 9

YOUR PRODUCT is wonderful! For many years I had scalp trouble, but since I've been using Kreml Hair Tonic I do not have to worry about falling hair or itching scalp. **P. S., Cleveland, Ohio.**

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MY HUSBAND'S HAIR was coming out by handfuls. He tried Kreml and it checked the falling hair in a surprisingly short time. He is a great booster for this wonderful product. **Mrs. E. O., Frankfort, Kentucky.**

DETROIT MAR 10 1937 MICH.

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MANHATTAN APR 18 1937 ILL.

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WENATCHEE JAN 1937 WASH.

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MY HAIR WAS FALLING out so I bought a bottle of Kreml Hair Tonic. I had used it for only a week when the condition was checked. I think it is a wonderful tonic. **Mrs. G. T., Oakland, California.**

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We'd smacked into the top of a mountain, she said, that wasn't far from a construction camp where they were building a dam. Doc had climbed out of the wreck, she said, and had been able to see the lights of the camp a mile or so down in the valley.

"There's nothing much we can do until he goes down there to get help," she said.

"He's going to go down there?" I said.

"Of course," she said. "He's still got his two legs."

Back of us the woman stopped screaming and I could hear Doc's voice.

"I'm going on down," he said. "Hold everything till I get back."

"But he can't go like that," I remember hearing myself say to her. "Supposing he tries to get away—"

"What do you mean—tries to get away?" she asked.

"He's my prisoner," I said.

"Your prisoner?"

"Yes."

I guess she figured I was raving. And I guess I must have been, a little, at that. The Lord knows the main thing was to get help, and Doc was the guy to get it. But if I was raving, it was the copper in me. Doc was in my custody and I had to bring him in, even if I was paralyzed. And he'd lammed once—

"Please don't worry about him," she said in that humoring tone nurses use. "He'll be back soon, and we'll get carried down there. All I hope is they have some morphine and something for us to work with. He's a doctor, you know."

"Of course I know he's a doctor," I said. "I know all about him. All about you and him, too."

I couldn't see her face, but I could hear her catch her breath. Looking back at it now, I guess I figured I wasn't going to die. I think if I'd figured I was going to die I wouldn't have spilled the works to her the way I did. Even how Doc had started drinking because of her.

"What'll they do to him?" she asked when I got through.

"About two years—unless he gets probation," I said.

"And you think it's my fault?" she asked.

"Sure I think it's your fault," I said. "You loved him, didn't you?"

"Yes, I loved him," she said.

SHE didn't say anything more for a while, and the woman passenger back of me began screaming again.

"You don't think I like the idea of bringing him back, do you?" I asked her. "He's my friend. I like the guy."

"I love him," she said.

Then she left me and I could hear her dragging herself back to the others. For what seemed like an hour I lay there shivering in those overcoats and fighting the pain that was running through my arms and legs. Then she came back to me.

"I wish we had some morphine," she said.

"I sure wish we had," I answered.

"And I wish he'd come back," she said.

"You don't wish that any more than I do, sister," I said.

I guess her ankle was beginning to hurt her, because she lay down on the floor of the cabin beside me. And the pain in my arms and legs wasn't coming in flashes any more—it was getting steady.

"I'll tell you something," I said.

"What?" she said.

"If it wasn't for you and those others back there, I wish he didn't have to come back," I said.

"Do you mean that?" she asked.

"Sure I mean it," I said. "He's my friend."

"Then why don't you let him go?" she asked. "You're paralyzed. Nobody could blame you in a crack-up like this."

"I'm still an officer," I said.

For quite a while she lay there saying nothing. Then, all of a sudden, she sat up like an idea had hit her.

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CKLW—Detroit . . . Joe Gentile
6.15 P. M., E. S. T., each weekday, except Sunday

"No, you're not," she said. "Not any more."

And durned if she didn't reach over and start going through my clothes, pulling everything out of my pockets —my rod, cuffs, shield, wallet, all my papers—everything.

"You'll get them all back," she said, stuffing them into her pockets and down in her blouse.

I was helpless, of course.

"Do you know what you're doing?" I asked her.

"Sure I know what I'm doing," she said.

"I can still talk," I reminded her.

"I can take care of that, too," she said.

Just then there was the sound of Doc's voice and a lot of other men's voices outside. They were yelling to us while they were still quite a ways off. Yelling to us to hold on—that they were coming.

She pulled herself onto her feet as the voices outside got nearer. Then Doc and the rescue party were right outside the plane, and in kind of a haze I could hear her calling to him to pass her down a loaded hypodermic if he had one. Could hear him tell her he had one, and then hear her say, "Thank God!"

"I don't need it!" I remember yelling at her as she came crawling back to me with the thing in her hand.

"Oh, yes, you do!" I remember her

saying as she jabbed it into my back and held it there.

It must have been a double shot.

"I'm an officer!" I remember trying to yell—and her putting a hand over my mouth. Then, all of a sudden, as the stuff began to hit me and pull that pain out of me, I didn't give a hoot. Doc, the girl, my job—nothing mattered any more. If you've ever had a shot when you've been hurting like sin, you'll know what I mean.

When I came to I was on a cot in a room lined with rough boards and there was a big iron stove in it going full blast. It was still like a dream, although I could move my head a little more. I saw Doc working over the woman passenger, who was on a cot like mine. He had his coat off and was working just like I'd seen him work lots of times in the Emergency Hospital back home. The man passenger was on another cot, and Doc's girl was sitting on a chair beside him, working over him. There was a couple of strange guys in flannel shirts in the room handing them things, and there was one of those white-enameled cases you see in doctors' offices, full of instruments.

When Doc saw my eyes were open he left the woman passenger and came over to me.

"Where are we?" I asked him.

"I guess you'd call it the camp hospital," he said. "We've got the main things we need, although the camp doctor went into town a couple of hours before I got here. They've phoned into town for him and for ambulances. Phoned the sheriff, too."

"I'm sorry," I said.

THEN I remembered the girl taking all my stuff away from me. I started to tell him, but he seemed to know all about it.

"Don't worry about your things," he said.

"I hate to do it to you, Doc," I said. "She's a great girl."

"Don't worry about that, either," he said. I remember he looked over at the girl and gave a funny kind of smile before he looked down at me again and gave me a little pat on the shoulder.

"Don't worry about anything, old-timer," he said. "I've got the situation in hand."

Then I must have gone off again, because for a long while after that I don't remember anything but a lot of bad dreams. It must have been four or five hours before my eyes opened again in that camp hospital room. And it must have been the copper in me that opened them, because the next thing I clearly remember was some guys in the room with uniform caps on and wearing sheriffs' badges. Doc and the girl were helping them put the two other passengers on stretchers. A guy I figured must be the camp doctor and a couple of other guys who looked like doctors seemed to be taking charge of things.

Doc noticed that I was awake again, and left the others to come over to me. I remember the girl giving me and

HOT WEATHER: Hot weather—blistering roads—fast trips! Dangerous if your tires are thin. Play safe today! Put on new *Armorubber!*

"A KELLY SAVED MY LIFE! Drove off the road to avoid another car. Hit a cement culvert. Rim was bent, but the Kelly didn't blow—wasn't even bruised! Some tire!" —WM. A. BRADY, Rosendale, N. Y.

SO TOUGH—IT WON A NEW NAME!

Kelly's ARMORUBBER Tread Won Its Name on America's Toughest Jobs—It's What You Need for Summer's Hard Driving

KELLY
TIRES

OUT AT Boulder Dam a straight-talking truck driver said—

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So get set now—today! Drive *knowing* that your tire treads can "take it." Ask for Kelly's Armorubber!

REPLACE WITH
KELLY
Springfield
TIRES
DEPENDABLE FOR 43 YEARS

him a quick look over her shoulder as he did.

"How are you feeling?" I remember him asking me.

"Perfect," I said.

"That's good," he said, "because I've got to say good-by to you."

I was kind of surprised.

"Good-by?" I asked him. "What do you mean—good-by?"

"Good-by—and thanks for everything," he said, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a syringe. Before I could say a word he had jabbed it into me and had pushed home on it with his thumb.

"I'm an officer!" I remember trying to yell again. But, working fast, he clamped down on my mouth with his hand like the girl had done up in the wreck. I remember struggling a little—and then that don't-care-a-cuss feeling coming over me again. Then darkness . . . without any dreams at all. . . .

Did I recover from my injuries?

That's a silly question. Look at me! Even if I do have to be more careful of myself than I used to be, I'm still on the force and can still play a pretty good game of pinochle.

Doc and the girl?

Well . . . about six months after I got out of hospital I got a box through the mail. My rod, my cuffs, my shield—the whole works. The postmark was plain enough on the wrapper that was around the box.

Maybe I ought to have turned that wrapper in. But I got to thinking about it . . .

I guess they're safe enough. I don't think any amateur dick is going to pick them up, anyhow.

So far as I know, none of those detective-story magazines are published in Spanish.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **STAR-BEGOTTEN** by H. G. Wells. The Viking Press.

Again Mr. Wells cries Stop! Look! Listen! What is this cosmic ray? Who is activating it? What will it do to us? A great book, as stimulating as vintage champagne.

★ ★ ★ **KENNEBEC: CRADLE OF AMERICANS** by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Farrar & Rinehart.

Written with charm, a comprehensive and affectionate history which should delight every Maine lover.

★ ★ **DEAD IS THE DOOR-NAIL** by Paul Haggard. J. B. Lippincott Company.

A bully yarn of the hard-boiled detective type. The dialogue is of the best.

★ **GIRL HUNT** by Laurence D. Smith. J. B. Lippincott Company.

A fast-moving yarn about a sleuth and a peachy gal that will keep you awake into the wee sma' hours.

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PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
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Beech-Nut PEPSIN BEECHIES AID DIGESTION
Beech-Nut ORALGENE Chewing Gum FOR THE TEETH

NEXT on the program — a real hit,

BEECH-NUT GUM

Most popular flavor of gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor.

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp, candy coating ...doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin!

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that gives your mouth much needed exercise. "Chew with a purpose!"

"Always Worth Stopping for"

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, three rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

PERHAPS *You* HAVE A RICH RELATIVE, TOO

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

An amazing true chronicle of gold and greed — and of millions that may be waiting for you to claim them

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

SEVENTEEN thousand persons from every state in the Union and from twenty-nine foreign countries claim to be heirs to the $20,000,000 estate of Henrietta Edwardina Garrett.

Five hundred and fifty Philadelphia lawyers are in on the swag hunt; twenty-nine hundred from other centers. Hearings are being held twice weekly in an auditorium, before a microphone. At the rate they are going, it will take fifteen years to hear all the claimants.

Who are these people? What are their claims?

If you and I were rich, would we find we had 17,000 relatives we had never heard about? (God forbid!)

Not being rich, is it possible that we may all be heirs to some one who is?

The Garrett extravaganza is a case in point. When old Walter Garrett, the Philadelphia snuff king, died in 1895, he not only left all his money to his wife, Henrietta Edwardina, but directed her specifically to make a will leaving it, when she died, not to his relatives or hers but to charity. "Do not let any scalawags get any," he bade her. She outlived him a good thirty-five years; and when she finally did die in 1930 she left no will.

Two claimants besides the 17,000 "relatives" are: the State of Pennsylvania, which maintains that there are no heirs at all, and that the $20,000,000 therefore reverts to it; and Charles Starr, Philadelphia stockbroker and Henrietta Edwardina's man of business, who presents a scribbled note to him which begins: "Give you my estate and belongings."

Henrietta Edwardina's note would seem to be genuine. If Starr had had a hand in it—he being a good business man who has increased the Garrett estate from $6,000,000 to $20,000,000—he would certainly have had her put her wishes into the usual legal form. Moreover, Charlie's brother, Isaac Starr, who was adviser to Walter Garrett's sister Julia, was named residuary legatee in her will in preference to any relative, and collected $6,800,000.

The famous Wendel case in New York presented a very different situation. Here was a will drawn in impeccable legal phraseology and signed by an old lady who apparently held ill will for no one, which left the entire estate of—at the very least—$40,000,000, after a few minor bequests had been paid, to charity. But there were the twin questions which so often arise: "Was the testator of sound mind? Was there any undue influence?"

The Wendels were admittedly "queer." John G. had forbidden his six sisters to marry. Mary and Josephine were known to have been "eccentric," and Augusta and Georgianna had died in an insane asylum. One by one, brother and sisters had departed, each leaving his or her share of their father's real-estate millions to the remaining members, until at last there was only Ella, whose will was the one in dispute.

Ella, too, had shown eccentricity. She had lived the life of a recluse, exercising her pet poodle interminably in an immensely valuable vacant lot on Fifth Avenue. But eccentricity is one thing, insanity another.

As to undue influence, the allegation was made that Miss Wendel's lawyer, Charles G. Koss, and his partners had had her power of attorney, refused to show her her mail, kept her relatives from calling on her, and generally warded off outside influence. It was pointed out that Mr. Koss's daughter was one of the few individuals to whom money had been left under the will; also that Mr. Koss, as an executor, stood to gain large fees.

Able attorneys presented this phase of the case to the surrogate. But obviously the facts as stated did not of themselves prove undue influence. Power of attorney in the hands of a trusted representative is a usual procedure. A gift to that confidential representative's daughter is a natural gesture. Executors' fees must be paid to some one. There was little in all this to indicate that Ella Wendel's will should not stand. Nevertheless, 2,300 individuals put in claims. Surrogate Foley whittled these down to twenty-seven.

Quite the most thoroughly documented claim was that of Thomas Patrick Morris, a Brooklyn house painter, who produced an old Bible in which was pasted a wedding certificate, dated 1876, showing that John Wendel had apparently married Morris' mother, one Mary Ellen Devine; also a copy of an old, old novel on the flyleaf of which was a letter signed "John G. Wendel." This was addressed to the present claimant, and Mary Ellen was referred to as "your mother." On the back cover and last flyleaf was a will, also signed "John G. Wendel," which bequeathed his entire property to his "son."

Morris held the metropolitan front pages for several weeks. Then, suddenly, it was discovered that the marriage certificate bearing the date of 1876 was printed on paper manufactured subsequent to 1913—and Thomas

5000
$1000
TONY SARG

Patrick, instead of getting millions, got three years.

Forged documentary evidence is not uncommon. The most exciting instance was that of Jim Reavis, a former streetcar conductor of St. Joseph, Missouri, who chanced on some faked land-grant papers which purported to bestow on a certain Spanish family named Paralta extensive areas in the Southwest. This find gave Jim an idea which subsequently took him to Madrid and Mexico City, where he obtained access to the government archives, neatly modified various documents or substituted fakes, until he had built up in both capitals a "legal" right to practically all of what is now Arizona.

Returning to the Southwest with the title of Don James Addison de Peralta-Reavis, Baron of Arizona, he proceeded to put his claims into effect. The Arizona settlers of the '80s paid him rent; the King Mining Company handed over $50,000 for certain of his mineral rights; the Southern Pacific Railroad gave up a similar sum for a right of way.

In fact, Jim Reavis' "take" might have mounted indefinitely if an eccentric old printer in Florence, Arizona, hadn't discovered that one of Jim's documents which purported to date from 1748, was printed in a type that wasn't designed until 1875, and that another, dated Madrid, 1787, bore the watermark of a Wisconsin paper mill which wasn't built until after our Civil War.

Some of the Wendel claimants were unquestionably related to the deceased Ella. Foremost among them was Miss Rosa Dew Stansbury of Vicksburg, Mississippi, whose kinship was recognized even by the attorneys for the estate. Representatives of the Wendel interests had already called on Miss Stansbury, who was in her middle seventies, and had got her to sign a waiver of interest in return for $1,000 cash and the promise of a contingent $24,000. In short, she had signed a release of her claims for an amount which was—as her able attorney, Arthur Garfield Hays, pointed out—"less than the interest on the estate for a single half hour."

Mr. Hays, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, and other counsel for Miss Stansbury appeared before the surrogate and argued that the waiver was unconscionable and should be set aside. The court selected Miss Stansbury, three other associated claimants, all clients of Mr. Hays, and five other claimants as the only ones out of 2,300 petitioners to share in the estate. They received a total of $2,125,000. Charity got the rest.

JAMES STOKES, father of Anson Phelps and William E. D. Stokes and two other sons and one daughter, brought on a legal pageant in disposing of his fortune of several million dollars, simply because the sons received their shares outright and the married daughter received hers in trust during her lifetime, after which, if she died without issue, it was to revert to her brothers.

The daughter, Mrs. Dale, was not dissatisfied with her share, but was apparently incensed by what she felt was a reflection on her husband. There was no evidence that any such reflection was intended. Moreover, Mr. Dale, a prosperous merchant, seemed to view the matter with complete indifference. Nevertheless, Mrs. Dale brought suit against her four brothers and the family lawyer.

The brothers fought back. Evidence in the case occupied more than six thousand pages, required the court's attention for over a year, and resulted in nothing at all, because Mrs. Dale died before it was over.

Still another cause of legal trouble over wills is disagreement between executors and beneficiaries as to the fees which the former should receive. When William Astor died in 1892, he left his daughter Helen, who had married President Franklin D. Roosevelt's half brother, James Roosevelt Roosevelt, a trust fund of $850,000, which was to be divided on her death into two funds of equal size for the benefit of her two children. The question was whether the testator had thus established one trust or three. If one, the executors were entitled to only one set of commissions.

The Master decided that Mr. Astor had set up only one fund, and that his heirs should not be penalized simply because it was for the benefit of three persons. This result, however, was not reached until the heirs, who were entirely friendly among themselves, had been forced to engage in a grand total of *nine separate litigations.*

Lawyers are often in a position where they must defend themselves against the charge of exercising undue influence. When Alexander T. Stewart, the great New York merchant, died and left a will virtually cutting off all his relatives and connections except his wife, a howl went up because Judge Henry H. Hilton, the family lawyer, received a bequest of $1,000,000.

This resulted in one of the first of the "mass trials." Over 12,000 people wrote in demanding money. But Judge Hilton kept his $1,000,000, and lived to inherit another $9,000,000 when Mrs. Stewart died and made him her residuary legatee.

Commodore Vanderbilt, on his deathbed, remarked: "I've been thinking all day about Stewart's will. I can't understand how the greatest merchant in this country—How was it possible for a man of that kind to make such an utter damn fool of himself when he came to write his will?"

BUT Vanderbilt's own corpse was scarcely cold before not only his will but his private life was being dragged through the most scandalous will trial in history.

It was inevitable, perhaps, since the Commodore left $95,000,000 of his $100,000,000 estate to one son and distributed the other $5,000,000 over a second son and eight daughters, that there should be charges of undue influence; but since nobody had ever been able to influence the old man on any subject throughout his long lifetime, there was little chance of persuading a jury that any one had done so in reference to his will.

It became necessary, therefore, to build up a picture of the doughty Commodore as a man of diseased mind as well as body.

The blackest charge was that he favored a project to erect a 600-foot monument to George Washington in the national capital!

Few of these contests are successful. It has been estimated that not one will in five hundred is broken. Nevertheless, there are more than half a million unclaimed estates and funds which cannot be distributed because the addresses of the rightful heirs and beneficiaries are not known—and it is quite possible that one of these waiting fortunes belongs to you or me.

Each of us has had at least sixty-odd grandparents since George Washington crossed the Delaware. Many of us would be hard pressed to give the names and birthplaces of ten of them. But presumably some made money, perhaps died rich.

A whole profession of inheritance detectives has grown up on the strength of this presumption. One of these sleuths may be looking for you. Anyhow, if a pleasant-faced gentleman comes knocking at your door and tells you that you have inherited a million dollars from somebody you never heard of, listen to what he has to say.

He may be an heir-chaser—and you may be an heir!

THE END

Getting down to PENNIES!

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

TODAY the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile for an average revenue of less than a cent.

That's 23½ per cent *less* than they got for hauling a ton a mile fifteen years ago, when the downward trend in average revenue started.

It's a *billion dollars less* than it would have been in 1936 if the revenue per ton-mile had stayed the same as it was fifteen years ago.

Now some of this difference is due to changes in the type of shipments —but the vast bulk of that billion dollars represents *lower freight rates* — savings for the shipper and the consumer.

With average revenue shrinking, railroads have had to face mounting expenses. Hourly earnings of railroad workers have climbed to the highest point in history. Prices of necessary materials and supplies, like a lot of other things, have gone up.

Yet look how the railroads have been pushing ahead—figuring ways to give better service on lessened income:

They speeded up freight schedules; put billions into new and better cars and locomotives, heavier rails and improved roadbeds. Today freight moves fifty per cent faster than it did just a few years ago.

They perform a daily miracle keeping tab on two million freight cars —so that you may have cars *where* you want them when you *need* them.

Working hand-in-hand with shippers, they cut freight loss and damage *more than eighty per cent* —developed better ways to pack, load and handle goods.

You know what they've done in passenger service, too—faster trains, even greater safety, more comfort and cleanliness, air-conditioning and all the rest. *And yet passengers today pay an average of 42 per cent less per mile than they did in 1921.*

It's a great record—you couldn't ask for a better picture of how the railroads are handling a tough job. On that record, the railroads have *earned* the right to ask for equality in regulation and treatment, for a chance to meet competition on a basis fair to all.

DO YOU KNOW

—that one hundred thousand men have been added to railroad payrolls in the past year—with average earnings per hour of railroad employes at their all-time peak?

—that 43 cents out of every dollar the railroads receive is today paid to employes — more than five million dollars a day?

—that the other 57 cents must cover all other costs of providing, maintaining, operating and improving our railroads; and taxes?

—that the railroads pay about a million dollars in taxes every twenty-four hours — taxes that send 1,600,000 children to school, and contribute substantial support to public institutions, highway construction and general government expense?

—that the railroads bought more than a billion dollars worth of supplies and materials last year— and that their yearly "shopping list" makes them one of the largest customers the people of this country have?

—that this yearly "shopping list" includes over 70,000 kinds of materials and goods, purchased in practically every manufacturing city and agricultural county throughout the land—and makes jobs for workers in every basic industry?

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

Night Raiders IN CHINA

BY GORDON B. ENDERS

as told to

CAPT. W. J. BLACKLEDGE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN CLYMER

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IN China's bloody civil war, Gordon Enders, adventurer and ex-flyer, was helping Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek build up the government's air force. He also took on the dangerous job of watching the Lotus, a beautiful spy in the pay of General Feng. Feng, Chiang's treacherous War Minister, planned to use his troop of wild-riding Mohammedans to wrest the government from his chief.

Traveling near Haichow, the American witnessed the horrible torture of his friend Igor who, with part of his brigade of White Russians, fell into the hands of some prowling human jackals. More than ever determined to help the Generalissimo purge China of her rebellious hordes, Mr. Enders went to America to buy new planes.

When he returned, General Yen had set up a rival government with Feng as commander in chief. Near Kweiteh, the Generalissimo's air force attacked a contingent of Feng's Mohammedans. It was a case of cavalry against planes; death squadron against death squadron. And the planes won. But when the flyers returned, rejoicing, they found that one of their number, Kwee, was mysteriously missing.

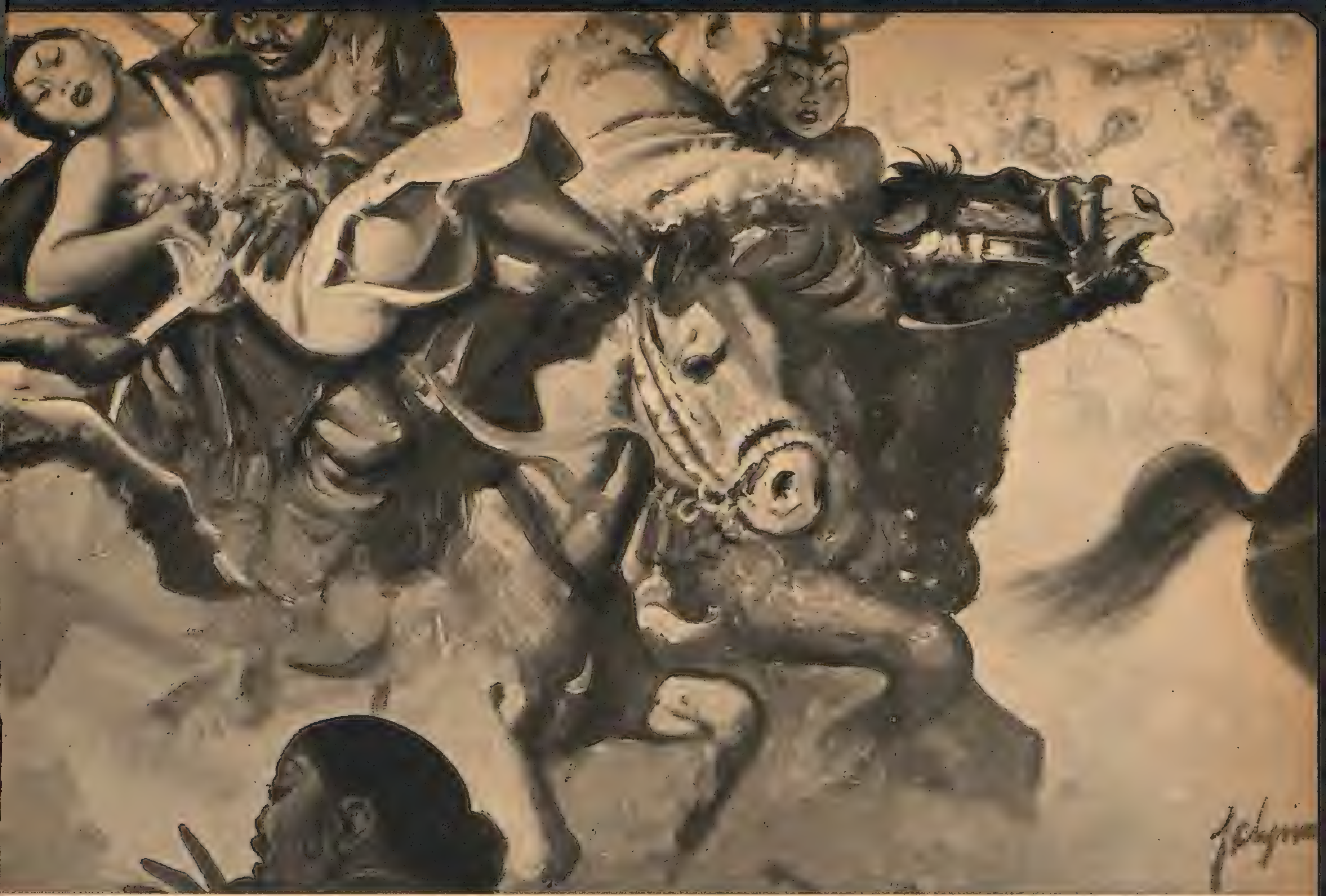
PART FOUR—A SINGSONG GIRL WHO TOLD TOO MUCH

FLOYD SHUMAKER reached Kweiteh two nights after the slaughter of the Mohammedans. The city of Lanfeng had fallen to the reinforced assaulting hordes of Feng the Christian and Yen the Fat. The enemy column was within striking distance of Kweiteh.

The Generalissimo proposed to defend the airdrome as long as he could. But the Air Force was to abandon their planes and come into the city. It was too late then to think of blowing up the Yellow River bridge.

The attack on Kweiteh was begun at eleven o'clock at night. The fire of both sides was murderous. At dawn an armored train came from Suchow Junction. With its heavier guns, it finally drove the enemy back.

Kweiteh—the Chinese Verdun—was saved for a space.



The invaders swept through terror-struck villages. Many of the men rode with women and young girls in the saddle.

But the Generalissimo had lost more than half his men.

The Air Force did not fight in that battle, but all five of the Moths and seven of the bombers were gone—hacked to pieces and burned by the Mohammedans. Four Douglases and six Corsairs were all that were left.

That morning the first enemy plane to take the air flew over Kweiteh. It was an all-metal German Junkers monoplane, which flashed silver in the morning sun.

Neither bombs nor pamphlets fell from the invader. The boys dubbed it the "ghost" plane.

The strange plane began to make daily appearances. It would appear after the Air Force had landed. It was openly suggested that Kwee was flying it. Every day the air marshal ran his tanks nearly dry, trying to come to grips with the elusive ghost.

An American's vivid first-hand story of a flaming saturnalia of terror

Meanwhile the Generalissimo marched his veterans back toward Hsuchang. The enemy retreated sullenly. The government troops plodded toward Hsuchang, made contact with their comrades west of the railway.

Floyd Shumaker and I went to Shanghai—Shumaker to arrange for the sale of twenty additional Douglases, I to receive the Corsairs and put them into shape. In three days I was able to test-fly two of the four ships at Hungjao airdrome. The day after the tests were finished, the air marshal came to Shanghai with two pilots, and the four of us flew to Nanking in the new bombers.

That night, the air marshal and I, with Colonel Art Lum and another pilot named George Chew, went to the An Loh Hotel, where some of the pilots were already making merry with a bunch of singsong girls. The leader was a particularly attractive girl, with jade-and-pearl earrings sparkling beneath her shining black hair.

She beckoned me. She wanted to talk about America. Rosita—that's not her name—was an alluring witch.

After awhile she whispered a Nanking address in my ear. "You come see me . . . sometime?"

She disappeared. I followed later.

It turned out that she knew a dickens of a lot about the rebels. According to her story, the Mohammedan hordes were being recruited in thousands, and were preparing to sweep down upon China in one mighty, destroying wave.

Then she played her trump card. She had received a mysterious unsigned letter from somewhere in Shansi Province. She could not make head nor tail of it. Neither could I—at first glance.

The letter was written half in Chinese and half in English. At her suggestion I took it to the air marshal.

The message ran something like this:

> Since arriving safely in Shansi find competition very strong. Animals very numerous from west. [Rosita had referred to the massing of vast numbers of Mohammedan horsemen!] My horse very good. Can sell for four ten thousands. Business must [indecipherable word] quickly. Winter is coming, and my coat is made of cotton. [That was a Chinese quotation.] One cigar in this country. Price *hun kwei.* Six cigars ordered from Shanghai.

"Kwee!" I almost shouted. "He's in Shansi—the province of Yen the Fat. That's plain . . ."

"Safe in Shansi," said the air marshal. "Then he says, 'My horse very good.' That's his Corsair. This reference to the competition being very strong—that's the enemy. But then he says, 'Can sell for four ten thousands.' If I know anything, he means he is offered forty thousand dollars to fly his Corsair for Feng and Yen. That quotation about winter coming is one that we Chinese use to beg for money—in haste. He can't mean money?"

"He wants the government forces to hurry their attack, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes, I think so. Let's see. 'Animals very numerous from west.' That must mean Mohammedans!

"Now we have it," said the air marshal. "'I have landed safely in Shansi, and find the enemy very strong. Mohammedan horsemen are coming down in increasing numbers from the west. My Corsair is undamaged. I can sell it for forty thousand dollars. It would be well for the government forces to attack at once before the enemy becomes too strong.'"

For awhile we were unable to extract sense from the words, "Six cigars ordered from Shanghai."

Then, "Airplanes, of course!" I cried. "It means they are expecting a shipment of six airplanes! But would they dare to unship them in Shanghai?"

"I don't think so. The steamer they are using is merely calling here with other merchandise. Kwee seems to be trying to tell us that much."

Government spies were ordered to keep a sharp lookout for those six mysterious "cigars."

I went to the Hungjao airdrome to assemble and test the six Corsairs, which arrived without mishap.

One evening Ah Ping brought me a message from some one who would not give his name.

"He wantchee talkee you something," Ah Ping begged. "He talkee please come his house—ten minutes, fifteen minutes. Velly important." . . .

As Ah Ping, my caller, and I drove to an address off Avenue Joffre, in Frenchtown, the stranger told me his name was Ma. We went through a concrete archway into a solid block of terraced Chinese houses. My guide stopped before one of the hundreds of doors and knocked.

We went into a bare room with shuttered windows. Another, shorter man came in, was introduced as Ma's brother. I could see that was a fraud.

We sat. From somewhere upstairs came the unmistakable tap-tap of a radio set.

These men were Mohammedans. Kansu Province—their home—was in the grip of a fierce famine. To save men and horses, thousands were taking service with Feng the Christian. (I knew that already.)

They had orders to get airplanes. How much would I take to deliver a fleet of bombers to them? I was an American trader. It could not matter to whom I sold my airplanes, could it? To my objections, they countered that others were actually supplying them with planes. There was the ghost plane, and the "six cigars" in a steamer that was to call at Shanghai.

THE Mohammedans foresaw my answer before I gave it. There was nothing doing. They bowed me out into the fresh clean air—with traditional flourishes.

I left Ah Ping to watch what these fellows did next and sought out the air marshal. We drove out to the concrete archway on Avenue Joffre.

Ah Ping had disappeared. When we knocked at the door of Ma's "brother," there was no answer. We searched the place and found that the tenants had gone. Bits of wire were all that was left of the radio station.

As we drove to my quarters, I recalled who the stranger was. Ma was one of the agents who had pounded up the Yellow Sea to Tsingtao in a Chinese merchant tub—the time I had caught the Lotus snooping at the cabin door.

Ah Ping was waiting for us. He had followed Ma. The agent was to sail at daybreak for Tientsin. Ah Ping had seen him board the boat. Ma took passage as a 'tween-decks passenger. I boarded the steamer, shut myself in the corner cabin overlooking the crawling 'tween-decks. Ah Ping was down there—dressed as a coolie.

From Tientsin, Ma passed through Peking, and thence went northward by railway to Kweihwa, which borders Mongolia and the cattle country. Then began a trek I am never likely to forget. We followed him on horseback to Lanchowfu, the capital of Kansu Province. By that time we had changed into native dress. We were so much like the rest of the skin-clad men on the steppes that Ma never knew we followed.

These were Ma's brethren. He told them of Feng, the great Christian general who had built up a vast army of their brethren in Honan; Feng, the great conqueror who was even now waging war against the despised infidels of Chinese from south of the Yangtze.

To these men of warrior descent Ma came with guaranties of food for man and beast, with tales of rich infidel cities ripe for the sword. Never was there such an expert in recruiting.

He gathered the warriors as he went, and led them into the walled city of Lanchowfu. Here thousands upon thousands vowed allegiance to Feng the Christian.

Among the big-boned cavalrymen was a leader of 500 squadrons whose name was Hassan Ali. His light skin and deep-set eyes proclaimed him a Mohammedan from distant Turkestan. He was instructed to lead his squadrons to the south of the Chinese lines and prey on the infidels from the rear. When the time was ripe he must kill Chiang Kai-shek.

Presently, in an astonishingly short space of time, there stood on the plains before Lanchowfu the greatest cavalry horde since the time of Genghis Khan. Three thousand captains commanded three thousand squadrons, flying banners bearing the crescent and the star.

Beneath the eyes of a white-bearded priest wearing a red fez, the solid mass stood for a blessing on their arms.

"To the infidel—death! To the coward—Jehannum! To the fallen warrior—bliss!"

IN the morning sun of that day, 300,000 skin-clad and sabered true believers rode out from Lanchowfu toward the field headquarters of their master, the Christian general, at Tungkwan.

The villages and towns through which the invaders swept were terror-struck. They entered the shops and houses. Many of the horsemen rode on toward Tungkwan with women and young girls in the saddle. The horsemen, in their saturnalia, paid no attention to the oily black clouds which obscured the sun; took no heed of the early autumn rains which scud over China with the monsoon.

Ah Ping and I, urged by these obvious signs, spurred on ahead, drew up with the leading columns. Fields and roads bogged down. The river became an angry torrent.

We kept close to the advance column, plodding on and on, hardly daring to rest horse or man. Feng the Christian sent messengers and urged the horde to hasten to Tungkwan. Some of the envoys were treated with courtesy—until they became too importunate. At one village, where the advance column rested for a brief spell, Feng's messenger was staked to the ground and white-hot clinkers were placed on his belly. The huddled troopers laughed and taunted him.

Then it was that Feng sent his ghost plane over the Mohammedans. It dropped low. A bomb fell into the camp, exploding, scattering men and horses. It was followed by a shower of leaflets. On the lips of those troopers of the advance column was a new battle cry.

"If we go forward," they argued, "we get rice and bread. If we retreat, we get only grass and tree roots."

From then onward Ah Ping and I made our own way toward the Lunghai. Rumors of the advancing horde had already reached the line long before I was able to make my report, and to apprehension was added the story of reverses in Shantung. Shortly after the Generalissimo's defense of Kweiteh, the army of Yen the Fat had attacked that of Han the Whiskered from the northeast. Without putting up a fight, Han retired down the railway toward Tsingtao.

Feng's men fell on Kweiteh once more. But, for the first time in any action, the air marshal had four squadrons of American bombers and a big reserve of bombs.

This time it was the Air Force that saved Kweiteh, and the climax to that defense was the appearance among the troops of the Generalissimo on the fourth day. But his message of thanks to his men rang with an undertone of warning. The horde was coming. The greatest test of this civil war was hanging over them. China looked to them to meet it unafraid.

The Air Force was ordered to Suchow Junction. Twice I flew to the Generalissimo's base there, and then to Yenchow, 100 miles up the railway toward Tsinan.

The Generalissimo had mobilized 120,000 men at Yenchow. The strength of the forces of Han the Whiskered he had brought up to 200,000 by reinforcing them with three divisions from Canton in south China. His plan was to advance on Tsinan from two sides. He would drive up from Yenchow and Han's army would approach from the east.

Tsinan was occupied by the army of Yen the Fat. He and the Christian general had quarreled over the defense of Kweiteh. Now, it was said, Feng was bringing down 300,000 Mohammedans, not only to crush the Generalissimo but also to swallow up the forces of Yen the Fat.

The burning question seemed to be, How could Yen's destruction be brought about before the Mohammedans struck in Honan?

We decided to fly there and take a look-see. Yen had made his capital at Taiyuanfu, a walled city nearly 300 miles from Yenchow.

Colonel Dunn, an American-born Cantonese, who had come up with a Corsair, put a question to the air marshal:

"What are we likely to find at Taiyuanfu?"

"I'm told there is an arsenal somewhere in the city—Yen's most important source for ammunition."

"Could we bomb it?"

"We can't risk loading up with bombs this trip. We shall have to reserve our weight for gas."

We set off next morning—the air marshal and Shumaker in one ship; Dunn and I in the other.

The bright sunlight overtook us as we neared Taiyuanfu. We picked out the train shops and station with ease. I ticked off the power plant, Yen's yamen, the barracks, and a big building like a hospital and got some pictures with my camera. Dunn was the first to spot the arsenal. With a bomb or two to drop on it, we could have put an end to the activities of Yen the Fat for a long enough time to enable the government forces to sweep him out of Tsinan. But we hadn't a bomb!

We set a course for home. It was one of the most successful flights I've ever made—and one of the most disappointing.

TSINAN fell to the government troops on August 15—seven days after the second defense of Kweiteh. After an all-night bombardment, the army of Yen the Fat capitulated. The fight was now between the government troops and Feng's barbarian cavalry.

It was but two days before the last of my Corsairs would be in China. In a few days Shumaker's Douglases were due. The rains of the monsoon were holding steady. By the time they broke, the Air Force would have fifty American bombers to oppose the invasion of 300,000 Mohammedans.

The hangars at Hungjao airdrome were ringing with hammers when we uncrated the last four Corsairs. Machines were coming in from the front and from Nanking for repairs. I heard that Captain Yang had arrived at Nanking with his ship—to have the egg-shaped wooden wheels replaced by the more recognized kind.

That visit to Nanking was very nearly Yang's undoing. It all came out when the air marshal himself left the front for Nanking. He stayed there only long enough to set a trap for Yang and a singsong girl of ill fame. Then he flew down to Hungjao.

It was around midnight when he showed up at my place. He threw me a bundle of letters. They were copies of correspondence between the Lotus and Ma. The air marshal had been having the beautiful spy's mail watched for some time.

"This rebel agent Ma is in the port somewhere," he said. "We have information that the steamer carrying those 'six cigars' he's interested in should be calling here soon."

"But where does the Lotus come in?"

"I think I've fixed her, Enders. Captain Yang and a pilot named Chun are coming from Nanking to fly two of your Corsairs. They'll be here in the morning. I learned from the girl Rosita that Yang, during his stay in Nanking, has been seeing the Lotus again."

"Which may have something to do with Ma's planes?"

"I don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out. Ma is lying low. But the Lotus is taking risks. She is traveling to Shanghai with Yang. So I got Rosita to make a party of it—understand? She is with the pilot Chun. They are all four on the train now."

IT was a little after nine next morning when a taxi drove up to the airdrome with Yang and Chun. Rosita was with them, but there was no sign of the Lotus.

Chun, who knew nothing of what was happening behind the scenes, started razzing Yang.

"The Lotus has walked out on him," he laughed.

"What's the meaning of this, Yang?" barked the air marshal.

Yang's cheeks burned and his face was sullen. There was a world of meaning in Rosita's big eyes when she turned them on the air marshal. Something seemed to have gone wrong.

The air marshal sent Chun and Rosita to his home in Hart Road. Then he got into the back seat of my car with Yang, and I took the wheel.

"Where did you leave the Lotus?" Yang was asked.

"At the North Station."

I slipped in the clutch and we zipped past the guards at the gate.

Captain Yang's story came out in snatches during the twenty-minute ride.

It transpired that during the train journey the Lotus had made a fool of Yang. She had got him to say that he loved her—that he would love her as long as he lived. The Korean, Kwee, she said, was now flying for the rebels—they had paid him $40,000. They would pay Yang the same amount.

Yang said he would do it if she'd tell him why the rebels wanted more pilots; they had only one plane. She replied that they were getting six more Junkers which were on a German boat that would stop at Shanghai; but the ships would be delivered at Tientsin.

Just before he got off the train, Captain Yang told the girl he would not take the money. There was a quarrel—which opened Yang's eyes.

I parked at the station and the other two ran in to look for the girl.

They came out again, a railway guard with them. He was talking excitedly. The beautiful *tai tai* (lady) had stood by the newsstand. Suddenly she had fallen to the ground. He called an ambulance.

We sped to the hospital. I told the other two I would wait for them. I knew before they returned that the Lotus was dead. It was the only way out for a singsong girl who knew and told too much.

The air marshal whispered to me that nothing had been found among the girl's belongings. She had died of a dose of arsenic, without uttering a word.

• • • • •

My last four Corsairs took off for Kweiteh. The air marshal remained in Shanghai—waiting for a German steamer with six Junkers planes to arrive. The day we saw in the shipping news a German name which did not appear on the regular schedules, he called me at Hungjao, asking me to meet him at the customs jetty. He had hired a motor launch.

Our launch headed for a badly battered tramp steamer which was tied up in midstream far down the harbor. On the littered deck was a group of uniformed customs inspectors, headed by a tall Englishman. The ship's captain was also present, and two tall fair-haired Germans in civilian clothes.

The chief inspector handed some papers to the air marshal.

"'Fraid these Johnnies know there is something up, sir," he whispered in English. "Best be careful."

The papers included a bill of lading covering twelve cases of machinery for Tientsin.

"Where did you get this?" the air marshal held up the bill of lading.

"From the ship's Shanghai agents. Some technicality or other."

"Who brought this aboard?"

The inspector beckoned to a Chinese standing by the hatch coaming. It was Ma.

At a sign from the air marshal, the chief inspector seized Ma, snapped on a pair of handcuffs.

The military authorities made short shrift of Ma. He was shot next morning. The Junkers and the two Germans were shipped to Nanking, where the six planes were assembled. Two proved defective, and the Germans and two Chinese pilots who tested them were killed. The other four were added to the Generalissimo's air squadron.

We were in constant touch with Kweiteh by radio. One message startled the whole yamen. It was a report that Kwee, the Korean pilot, had returned. Between two rainstorms he had landed at Kweiteh in a mud-spattered Corsair, weary and dirty but otherwise fit.

The air marshal ordered Kwee down to Nanking.

There wasn't much work done around the airdrome until Kwee's tale was told. He had made a forced landing about 150 miles south of Kweiteh and was surrounded by the Mohammedans, who overpowered him before he could reach for his gun. They flung his observer on the ground and blew his brains out—five minutes after they had discovered he could not fly an airplane.

THEY clamored around Kwee, requesting him to take them up for flights. He could not do it. There was not a drop of gas in the whole district. When he convinced them that the fuel problem was hopeless, cavalrymen were posted to guard the plane, and a detail was told off to take Kwee to Tungkwan—Feng's headquarters.

Feng offered him $40,000 for his Corsair and his services in flying it. Kwee stalled as long as he could, trying to figure a way of getting the money without flying. Then he heard that Feng already had a Junkers plane, piloted by a Russian. He said he knew how to fly this type and they sent him into Shansi Province. It was from there that he sent his letter to Rosita.

Feng's men had told him about the six new Junkers, and he agreed to pilot one of them—when they arrived.

All the while he was begging to be allowed to return to his Corsair. He told his captors that he could take back enough gas to return the ship to Tungkwan. It was arranged that he should do so.

Kwee put a hundred gallons into the Corsair's tanks. But he had to wait nearly a month for the field to dry sufficiently for a take-off.

"Long before I could leave, though," Kwee told us, "I had made friends with the squadron leaders. The fellow we'll have to watch is named Hassan Ali. He is the leader of the horde behind the government lines—a foreigner from the west—almost a white man. 'I'm going to annihilate Chiang's army, kill the Generalissimo,' he told me, 'and plunder the whole of China. You and your airplane will help me!'

"With these Mohammedan promises burning in my head, I knew I had to choose the earliest possible day for a getaway. I took Hassan Ali up for a trial spin in my Corsair. I kept the engine going after we landed, maneuvered, and kicked off again—alone.

"When the Mohammedans realized what was happening they opened fire on me. But I got away. And I didn't look back until I was safely landed at Kweiteh!"

AFTER Kwee's return, the vital problem of blowing up the Yellow River bridge to check the Kansu hordes, cropped up once again. We now had the planes, the men, and the bombs to carry out the project.

But a strange element had crept into the problem. An eccentric Belgian with a sense of duty, the only remaining white parishioner of the French padre of Chengchow, refused to leave his bridge. His handful of guards had antiaircraft guns, and they were going to put up a fight. And there was nothing we could do about it, except to carry on with our job of war.

Led by the air marshal, the squadron flew over. When the leading ship had got well up the railroad, beyond the village, it zoomed into the air as if to loop, then started down in a steep, sweeping spiral.

Still dropping rapidly, the Douglas wheeled into the sun. It was invisible for seconds. Then it appeared again and dived straight for the wooden trestle. As it ripped across the track, two bombs hurtled out together and fell short of the bridge. It dropped two more bombs near the base of the trestle, and two more landed in front of the antiaircraft batteries.

On the tail of the air marshal's machine, the second Douglas, with Art Lum as pilot, swooped down in the same sort of ear-shattering dive. The villagers and guards made a rush for the boats at the river's edge.

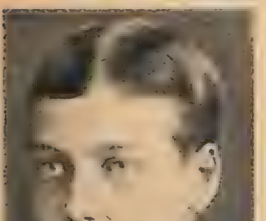
Then the third ship followed up. But it did not dive. Away to the east, the first and second Douglases had circled off together. This maneuver seemed to give the villagers the impression that the raid was finished. But we had seen something from the air which those on the ground were soon to hear.

A train's whistle sounded. A long freight train of supplies was approaching the bridge.

Here was a killing of the kind which occurs only in a pilot's dreams. A trainload of enemy T. N. T. coming toward the trestle of an enemy bridge!

If the bridge goes, will the crafty enemy find other ways to reach Chiang? In Liberty next week Gordon Enders' Chinese adventures reach a crashing conclusion!

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—His mother came from Denmark; one daughter-in-law was from Scotland, another from America. He renounced all German connections in '17. Can you identify one of beloved memory after studying this early photo?

2—Which radio star is said to be a stuffed shirt?

3—Do more boys than girls stutter?

4—Who won the U. S. open golf championship last month?

5—What is the latest form of life insurance?

6—In which five states is it illegal for liquor to be sold?

7—Are seed-eating birds the only living things with gizzards?

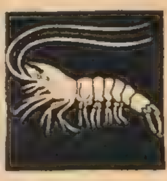
8—Which is longer: a pole, a perch, or a rod?

9—Which Canadian heroine, born in Massachusetts, warned Lieutenant Fitzgibbon?

10—When, according to the Bible, did God kindle a bonfire with His breath?

11—Does a horse push or draw a wagon?

12—Why do London's Four Just Men meet twice daily?



13—If the crustacean to the right is not a shrimp, what is it?

14—What screen actress said: "I'm only human after all!"?

15—About how many bicycles were sold last year?

16—What American citizen who recently lost his head in Germany had never lived in the U. S.?

17—Which German naval officer was known as the Sea Devil?

18—What are baff, dhootie, and wigan?

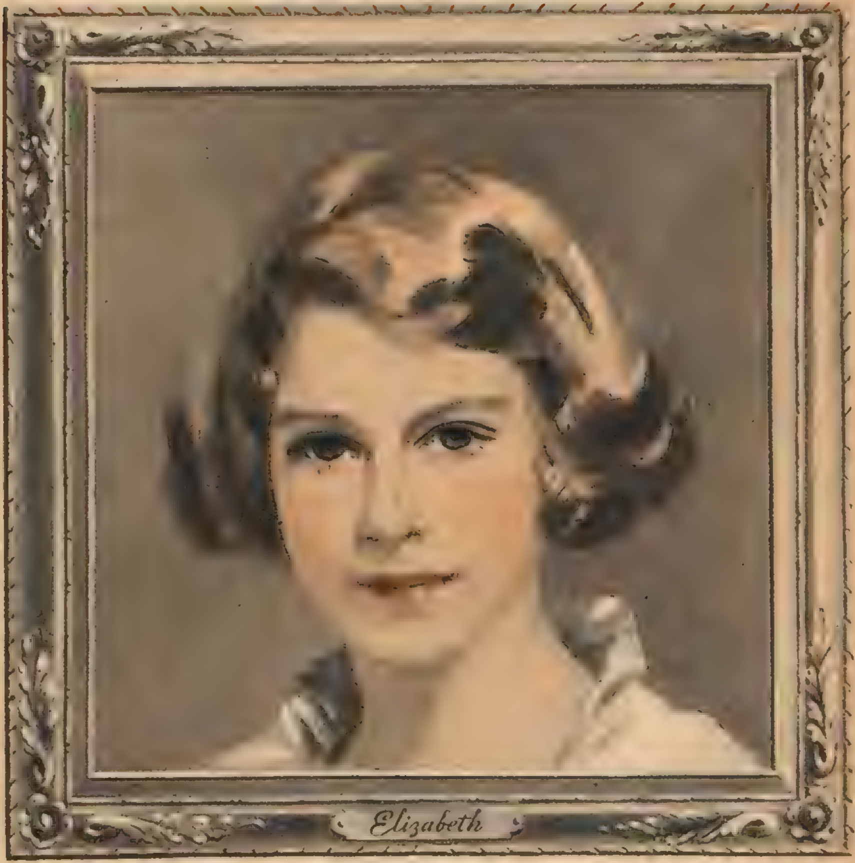
19—Who is the Secretary of Commerce of the U. S.?

20—Who composed The Fortune Teller?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

BRINGING UP A FUTURE QUEEN

Intimate, charming revelations of how England's Lilibeth is being prepared for her destiny . . . and what she said to the Duchess of Windsor!



By PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ON a sickbed an old man was lying, with anxious people hovering around him; a man whose life meant so much, not only to his own family but to a vast empire and to millions of human creatures; a man known to the entire world as George V, King of England and Emperor of India.

"If we could only get him to show some interest in his surroundings, it might perhaps bring about a favorable reaction," said one of the doctors to the Queen.

At this moment a door was noiselessly pushed open and a beautiful fair-haired little girl appeared.

"Can't Lilibet' say good night to grandpapa?" she whispered in her baby voice.

As the Queen was about to lead away the child, a weak voice was heard, a voice coming from the bed on which the King was lying.

"Lilibeth, Lilibeth," it said. "Let her come to me, my little sunbeam!" And as the baby was brought to him, George V laid one of his hands on her head.

"Lilibeth," he repeated, "Lilibeth, perhaps a future Queen of England!"

And he fell back on his pillows.

The reaction wished for by the King's medical attendants had unexpectedly taken place, and from that day he began to recover slowly but steadily. During the long weeks of convalescence which followed, George V's great joy was to have his small granddaughter brought to him, to listen to her chatter and to caress her as perhaps he had never caressed his own children.

She became almost indispensable to him. Lilibeth was the only being who could induce him to obey his doctor's orders. She had the prettiest way imaginable of saying to him in her baby prattle, "Grandpapa must do this; grandpapa must drink this, if he loves Lilibeth!"

Lilibeth, even at this early age (she was not quite three years old when her grandfather had been so desperately ill), was a winsome little creature, lovable and delightful. She had become, almost since the hour of her birth, the apple of her grandparents' eyes and the idol of the British people, who, by one of those unaccountable instincts which happen in the existence of nations, had instantly looked upon her as their future queen.

This sort of presentiment was so strong that it was impossible not to be struck by it whenever one found oneself in England. No one during the years which followed upon King George V's serious illness in 1928, could ever have imagined that his eldest son would renounce the throne in the unexpected manner he did, and the public still hoped he would marry and have children of his own. But the feeling that Lilibeth would some day be queen was there and one could not get away from it.

It would have been easy for a child to become spoiled under such conditions, but happily for Lilibeth, she has wise parents and even wiser grandparents, who apply themselves to rear her not only as a future queen, but as a good woman, with a deep sense of duty, a woman without vanity and conceit, thoughtful of others and forgetful of herself.

In this by no means easy task, the then Duchess of York was admirably seconded by Queen Mary, to whom she always turns for advice in anything connected with her children's education, and by her own mother, the Countess of Strathmore, who brought up her large family so well and so sensibly.

Under the combined guidance of these three ladies, Lilibeth and her sister, Margaret Rose, have grown into healthy, nice children, and they have been taught that although there is much that was owed to them, they owed still more to England and to the English people; that the British nation must be their first consideration.

This feeling was so intelligently developed in them, that from their baby days they remembered it, which explains an amusing story which went about London when I visited it about two years ago.

King George, who had always hated anything which resembled coddling, became very much annoyed one day when the Queen tried to persuade him to stay indoors. And he showed it. The little Princess Elizabeth, then six or seven years old, who happened to be present, put up a small admonishing finger and said, " Fie, grandpapa, fie! What would the nation say if it knew you were bullying grandmama? "

Another story is just as pretty. The present Queen of England, when she was a girl, used to visit her father's tenants to see that they wanted for nothing. As her own little girls grew up, she took them along with her on her benevolent excursions when they went to Glamis Castle.

One day Lilibeth, always an observant child, noticed that a girl of about her own age walked barefoot, and found out this was because her parents did not have the means to buy her a new pair of shoes. The princess's first impulse was to make the girl a present of some of her numerous footwear. She was doubtful as to whether her mother would approve of this piece of generosity, but nevertheless she gave the child some shoes. Then she sought the Duchess of York and tearfully confessed what she had done. " I could not bear to see her without shoes, mummie," she sobbed, " and I was sure you would not take back from her those I gave her. And will you forgive me, mummie. Please do! "

This anecdote is typical of the golden-haired Lilibeth, and it shows her in all her impetuosity, because she is impetuous, and this is one of the defects of which her mother and Queen Mary try to cure her. The two royal ladies understand how important it will be for Lilibeth to control her impulses, whether good or bad, and to develop a sense of responsibility before herself, as well as before the world in general.

THERE has been a lot of rubbish written about the manner in which Lilibeth was informed of the fact that she had become the heiress to the British throne. In reality, things happened quite differently. When the abdication of Edward VIII had become a certainty, one of the first things that brokenhearted Queen Mary said to her daughter-in-law was, " How shall we tell Lilibeth? "

Lilibeth, of course, had noticed that something very unusual was going on around her. Curiously enough, she had been the only member of the royal family involved in a direct quarrel with Mrs. Simpson.

When this famous lady was at Balmoral last fall, she had addressed the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York as " Lilibeth," upon which the little girl had drawn herself up and replied, " I am not Lilibeth to you; I am the Princess Elizabeth! "

The incident brought about a rather painful discussion between the then King Edward VIII and his sister-in-law, which ended with the duchess and her children leaving Balmoral.

It was Queen Elizabeth who told the child of the abdication, in the presence of her grandmother. After a few minutes' silence the little girl suddenly turned and threw herself in the arms of Queen Mary. " Grandmama," she cried, " don't be unhappy! Lilibeth will try to comfort you! "

The princess believes absolutely in the infallibility of her father and mother, and accepted the change in their position as a natural thing. And, even though she is but a child, she understands what this change entails on her and realizes the necessity of preparing herself for the position she herself must fill.

AND this brings me to Lilibeth's education. She is, of course, given a most careful training. Already an accomplished linguist, she is following the example of her grandmother, Queen Mary, who knows French, German, and Italian just as well as she does her native English. But although not at all lazy, Lilibeth is not what could be called a good scholar. She is one of those children who can never be coerced into doing what they do not want to, but she is the easiest child in the world to lead, provided her heart and affections are appealed to. In some ways this little lady is a handful. She has a temper and is, perhaps, too conscious of the fact that she is the idol of an entire nation.

The Princess Elizabeth and her sister are subjected to what we would call a stern discipline. They have to get up at a certain hour, and to go to bed also at a stated time. They are given nice but by no means expensive clothes, and it was a great event in the life of the princess when at the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, at which she was a bridesmaid, she wore a silk dress more elegant than anything she had been allowed to wear before.

Lilibeth has been taught the value of money and how to use the small allowance which she has.

Yes, it is a good, healthy education which this little girl—today the most important child in the world—receives, an education which has for aim the development of her loving instincts as well as of her powers of reasoning. And that it is proving successful can be seen from the following instance.

Every evening Queen Elizabeth, whatever her engagements may be, goes to her children's room, and with them repeats their evening prayers. And after these are finished, Lilibeth folds her hands together and of her own accord adds solemnly, " Good God, bless daddy and mummie, granny, and sister Margaret, and everybody! " Then, after a pause, " Good God, bless England! "

And it is with the name of England on her lips that this child of destiny falls asleep!

THE END

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VAGABOND HEAVEN

By MARION SHORT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

IT was a great day for children in the Kingdom of Heaven. From early morning St. Peter had been busy welcoming young souls through the towering white gates.

Little feet, faint and weary from the journey hither, were grown strong again, bearing their owners up like wings as they rushed to explore the reaches of the Child Paradise beyond. Some found haven with groups of little ones indulging in all sorts of childish games and sports on a wide expanse of velvety green turf. Others turned aside into a wilderness of flowers and streams and wide-spreading trees. Still others were attracted to the hills, where quaint playhouses were scattered up and down, surrounded by heaps of toys.

St. Peter looked after the new arrivals tenderly. "A child is a child and therefore extra beloved even in Paradise," quoth he. "The day is brighter for their coming."

"Truly, sire, far brighter," agreed the young herald stationed at his right hand. "I know thy great heart is loath to turn back any child who seeks to pass through the gates, even though, as now, it happen he be but a little vagabond companioned by a wily thief."

"Is it this same vagabond," St. Peter inquired, his kind eyes turned questioningly toward the heavenly portals, "whom thou didst bid begone, yet who continues to knock for admittance as though not knowing that he knocks in vain?"

The herald made a gesture of assent. "The same, sire. It seems he refuses to believe the gates are closed forever to such as they."

For a thoughtful moment St. Peter paused. "What was it the thief stole," he questioned gravely, "and what the occasion of such stealing?"

Replied the herald: "The story is that, watching his chance, he snatched a round of beef from the block in a butcher shop, and tried to make off with it. When the butcher discovered his loss and started in pursuit, the little vagabond pushed him aside, caught up with the thief, and in their mad haste the two of them got in front of an oncoming truck. And that, good St. Peter, is how they left earth life, and why they now seek to enter here."

As he spoke, the knocking grew louder, more insistent.

"Protecting another from harm," said St. Peter slowly, "is not in itself an ignoble act. It should not bar the boy from entering."

"But the little vagabond refuses to cross the threshold," the herald explained, "unless the thief be permitted to walk in by his side. He has strong and determined knuckles, good saint. Shall I give him his orders once more, and wait to see that they are understood?"

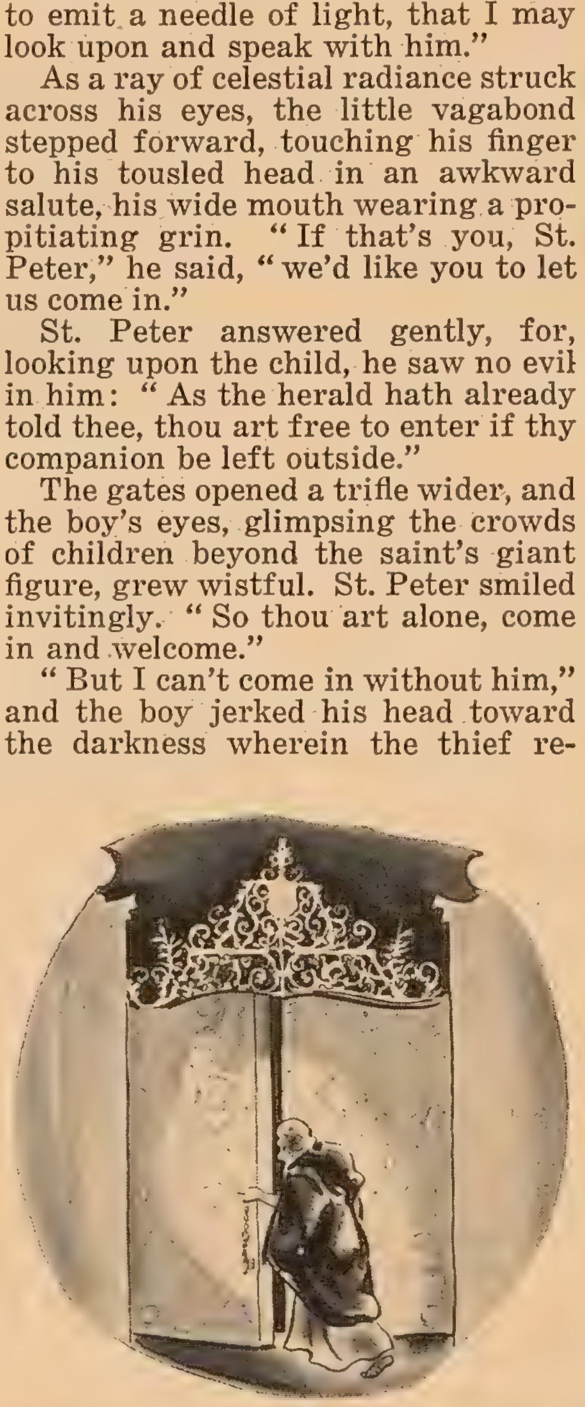
Drawing his stately robes about him, St. Peter shook his head. "Remain thou here," he said. "I myself will open the gates just wide enough to emit a needle of light, that I may look upon and speak with him."

As a ray of celestial radiance struck across his eyes, the little vagabond stepped forward, touching his finger to his tousled head in an awkward salute, his wide mouth wearing a propitiating grin. "If that's you, St. Peter," he said, "we'd like you to let us come in."

St. Peter answered gently, for, looking upon the child, he saw no evil in him: "As the herald hath already told thee, thou art free to enter if thy companion be left outside."

The gates opened a trifle wider, and the boy's eyes, glimpsing the crowds of children beyond the saint's giant figure, grew wistful. St. Peter smiled invitingly. "So thou art alone, come in and welcome."

"But I can't come in without him," and the boy jerked his head toward the darkness wherein the thief remained, almost hidden. "You see, St. Peter, he is a friend of mine, the best I ever had. Honest, he is! Won't you just turn your back as if you didn't notice while I slide him in alongside of me? I'll be mighty grateful if you will."



Pronounced St. Peter solemnly: "Your gratitude can avail a thief nothing unless he repents."

The thief, still in shadow, uttered not a sound.

"He hasn't anything to say for himself," owned the little vagabond, after a short silence, "but I know what he is thinking. He is thinking how hungry he was when he saw that big piece of meat, and of the heaps and heaps left in the shop even after he swiped it. No, I'm afraid he doesn't repent. If he had it to do over again, I almost know he'd steal again, just as he did before."

"Then," said St. Peter kindly but with decision, "we will waste no more time in discussion. You have your choice—whether to enter Paradise now, and alone, or to depart straightway with your thieving companion to the region of eternal darkness. Which shall it be?"

THE boy staggered slightly as he took a step backward. "I'm sort of disappointed, St. Peter. Heaven seems a swell place to live in, but I wouldn't go back on my friend any quicker than he would go back on me—and he'd stick through thick and thin. So thank you, sir, but I guess it's the region of eternal darkness for us both."

"Herald, come hither!" suddenly commanded the saint. "Give heed to what I say. It is my fancy to gaze upon the mountains yonder for a dreaming moment or two. Whilst I am thus occupied, fling the gates wide open that those who wait outside may wait no longer."

Bowing low, the wondering herald replied: "I hasten to do thy will."

When St. Peter turned his back there was a rush and scamper of feet. The herald looked after a boy and a dog fleeing into heaven. St. Peter's eyes were fixed afar.

Later, the herald, still somewhat dazed, ventured a question:

"And now, good St. Peter, may I inquire how it came about thou gavest word to admit not only the little vagabond but an out and out thief as well?"

Answered the saint, almost with a chuckle: "I could not bring myself to do otherwise. Centuries and centuries ago, I was a boy with a thieving dog myself."

THE END

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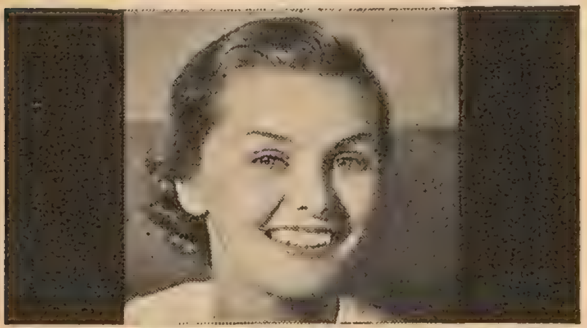
CROSLEY FIVER

YOU'RE **THERE** WITH A CROSLEY



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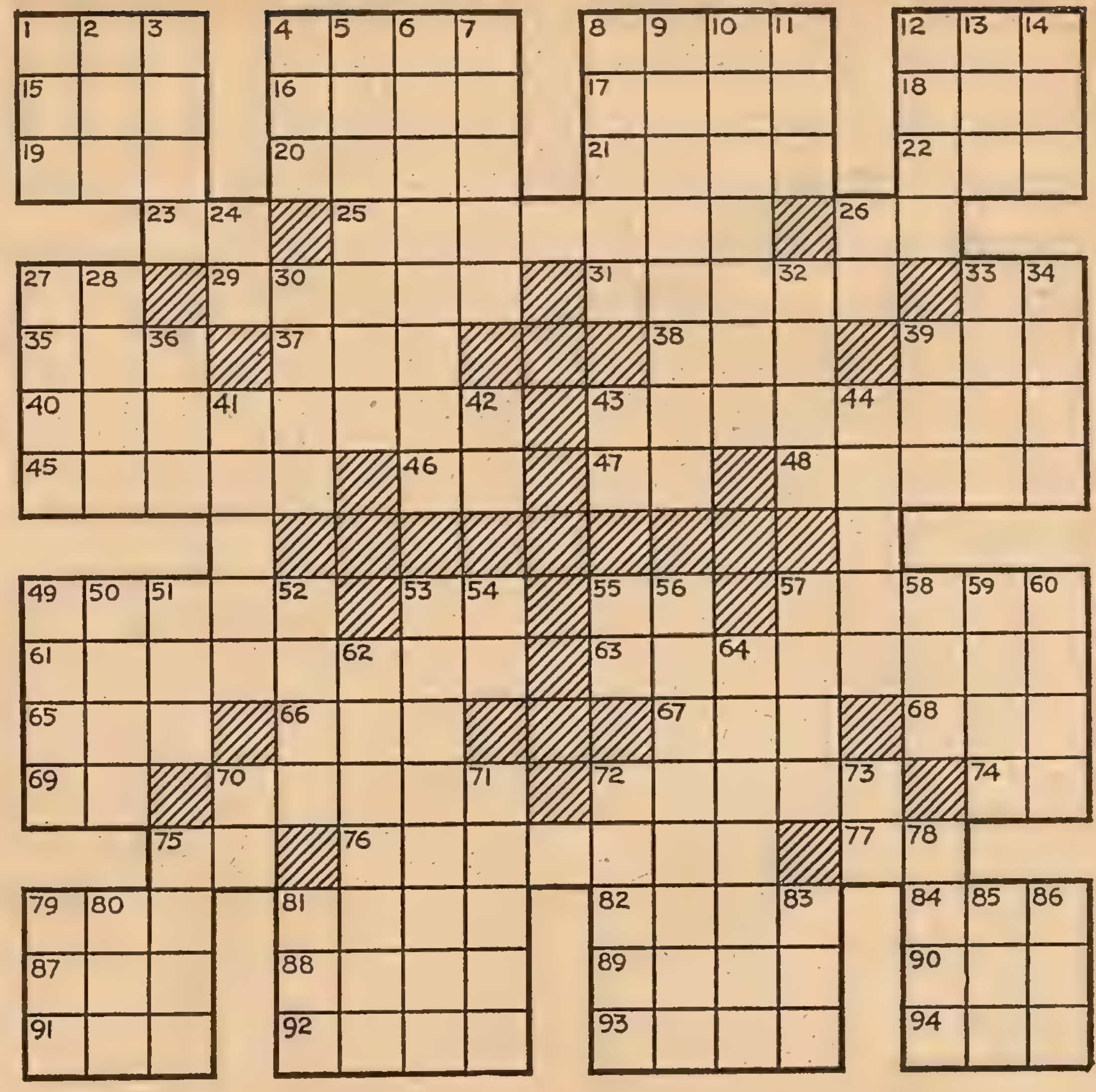
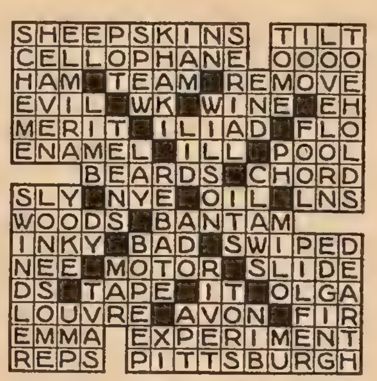
CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Head covering
4 A slave of the soil
8 Celebration
12 To tire out
15 Native metal
16 Region
17 Prevaricated
18 A number
19 Cardinal number
20 Son of Jacob
21 Exclamation
22 A Siamese coin
23 Thus
25 Threatener
26 Exist
27 Greek letter
29 A coquette
31 Birds of prey
33 Exclamation
35 Man's name
37 Corroded
38 Over
39 Bird's craw
40 Devout
43 Point out
45 General course
46 Perform
47 A bone
48 American Indians
49 Species of willow
53 Note of the scale
55 By
57 To rent
61 Commands
63 Determined
65 Woman's name
66 Write
67 River (Spanish)
68 Even (poetic)
69 Prefix: back
70 Torn places
72 Measures of weight
74 A parent (colloq.)



SHEEPSKINS TILT
CELLOPHANE OOOO
HAM■TEAM■REMOVE
EVIL■WK■WINE■EH
MERIT■ILIAD■FLO
ENAMEL■ILL■POOL
BEARDS■CHORD
SLY■NYE■OIL■LNS
WOODS■BANTAM
INKY■BAD■SWIPED
NEE■MOTOR■SLIDE
DS■TAPE■IT■OLGA
LOUVRE■AVON■FIR
EMMA EXPERIMENT
REPS PITTSBURGH

Answer to last week's puzzle.

75 Note of the scale
76 Plan
77 Not
79 Playing card
81 A metal
82 Frosts
84 Parity
87 Parcel
88 Color
89 Spanish coin
90 Past
91 Sheep
92 Otherwise
93 Paradise
94 Tennis term

VERTICAL

1 Small bed
2 Exist
3 Enclosures
4 Salt
5 A recluse
6 Worthy of great respect
7 Weak
8 Iced
9 Airplane part (pl.)
10 Erudite
11 Public notice (pl.)
12 Froth
13 Insect
14 To obtain
24 Pertaining to
26 While
27 Market
28 Employer
30 A shortening
32 County in New York
33 Detest
34 Is under obligation
36 Hail!
39 A month (French)
41 Terminated
42 Toward
43 River god's daughte (Gr. myth.)
44 Fisherman's basket
49 Ancient poet
50 Mentally sound
51 Hostelry
52 Plunder
53 Alludes to
54 Exists
55 Measure of area
56 Built in raised level spaces
57 Weaving apparatus
58 Latin salutation
59 Appear to be
60 Woman's name
62 Part of a plant
64 An Asiatic
70 Egyptian deity
71 Health (French)
72 Grasp firmly
73 Symbol for tin
75 Festival
78 Semiprecious stone
79 Beverage
80 Domestic animal
81 Adherent (suffix)
83 Descendant
85 To mature
86 Decay

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

BACK TO A VANISHED HOMELAND

The pictures present a scalding study of the aftermath of war . . . Bob Burns of bazooka fame is in again

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ THE ROAD BACK

THE PLAYERS: John King, Richard Cromwell, Slim Summerville, Andy Devine, Barbara Read, Louise Fazenda, Noah Beery, Jr., Maurice Murphy, John Emery, Etienne Girardot, Lionel Atwill, Henry Hunter, Gene Garrick, Jean Rouverol, Greta Gynte, Spring Byington, Frank Reicher, Laura Hope Crews, Charles Halton, Arthur Hohl, William B. Davidson, Al Shean, Samuel S. Hinds, Robert Warwick, Edwin Maxwell. Screen play by R. C. Sherriff and Charles Kenyon from the novel by Erich Maria Remarque. Directed by James Whale. Produced by Universal. Running time, 111 minutes.

BITTER and devastating was Erich Maria Remarque's study of the German boys coming home from the trenches after the armistice—to face bewilderment, starvation, bloodshed, revolution. The dreams that had somehow sustained them in the hell of mud, shrapnel, and gas had gone. The homeland had vanished, never to return.

There was tremendous drama in Remarque's scalding study from the moment the strange silence of peace settled upon the western front. Demobilized, the tired boys march back to find their homes gone, their sweethearts and wives faithless, their loved ones starving. There are two simple, powerful moments in the film—when the boys go back to study in their old schoolroom, and again when they come upon a lot of little urchins being drilled for another war.

Attempts have been made to lighten Remarque's story. A lot is made of ex-Lamplighter Slim Summerville's romance with Louise Fazenda, otherwise the daughter of the mayor-butcher of Klosterburg. This burlesque humor does not help the mood of brooding hopelessness, and it has crowded out some of Remarque's vivid tragedy.

Two performances stand out. We think you will like John King, ex-radio singer, as Ernst, one of the boys whose life has been ruined by the war. And watch John Emery as the young officer of the old imperialistic school, a chip in the way of the tide of revolution. Noah Beery, Jr., too, makes the most of a bit—a dying young German doughboy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Klosterburg village set, containing 38 bldgs., 1 public square, a cathedral, and a railway station, cost $60,000, and, with the battlefield, covered 10 acres of back studio lot. Forty-six sets in all were used; there are 36 speaking roles in cast; 5,000 extras and actors were used; most had to have a lean and hungry look, bespeaking war-worn German soldiers. Rain and real snow fell during production; there were 7 weeks of night shooting, lasting from nightfall to 4 A. M. in temperatures as low as 28 above, California Chamber of Commerce notwithstanding. Eighty thousand dollars' worth of camera cranes, including a $40,000 one, were used; 10 miles of barbwire were strung about; 500,000 rounds of 8-mm. Mauser blanks were fired; ground oyster shell was found much more screenable than ordinary dust for shellbursts. . . . Director James Whale is English; was a 2d lieut. in British forces; was captured in Aisne sector; 23 at time; his hair turned white watching his friends die; spent duration of war in German prison camps. . . . Greta Gynte's really Sigrid Gurie, 5 months out of Norway. . . . John King's really Miller Macleod Everson of Cincy, Ohio, realtor's son, edded U. of Cinn. Developed a radio baritone while ranchhanding down N. Mexico way. Ben Bernie discovered him on WCKY, at Covington, Ky., where he was a 1-man radio station. Unmarried, he lives on a Hollywood mountain top. .. .. .. New-faced Gene Garrick's Eugene Francis Gericke, which is no screen name. Of Owatonna, Minn., born in '16, he's a real blondy, stepped from college to Hollywood. .. .. .. Henry Hunter was born Arthur Jacobson in Rahway, of Swedish-English-blooded folk. . . . Richard Cromwell was born Roy Radabaugh and got but $75 a week while Bengal Lancing. Lives shyly without even a phone on a Hollywood mountain in a house he built with his own hands, and paints and paints and paints. . . . Lionel Atwill talked for hours about the blooded stock, the luscious veggies, the beauteous piggies, and heavy-laying cluckies he had on his Chesapeake Bay farm which he never has the time to get back to. . . . There are no Germans in the cast.

Back from the back hills: Stage-struck Martha Raye and amnesia victim Bob Burns from Mountain Music.

★ ★ ★ MOUNTAIN MUSIC

THE PLAYERS: Bob Burns, Martha Raye, John Howard, Terry Walker, George Hayes, Jan Duggan, Fuzzy Knight, Rufe Davis. Screen play by John C. Moffitt, Duke Atteberry, Russel Crouse, and Charles Lederer from a story by MacKinlay Kantor. Directed by Charles Riesner. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 77 minutes.

MAYBE this is too fantastic for your taste. But its madness, plus the plain, forthright, rugged Arkansas humor of Bob Burns, gets us, we're frank to admit.

Bob plays one of the youngest of the house of Burnside, hillbilly feudists de luxe. But Bob has a weakness: a blow on the head always lifts him out of himself. He no longer remembers who he is until sprayed with water. Then he's Bob Burnside once again. Bob wanders off during a feud, gets tapped on the cranium—and during his hilarious amnesia becomes engaged to Mary Beamish, an Arkansas villager with theatrical ambitions, in reality Martha Raye.

Bob Burns, who seems to have found a niche for himself somewhere between Will Rogers and Abe Martin, is a sincere and amusing amnesia victim from the back hills and Miss Raye is a giddy stage-struck heroine. Fuzzy Knight contributes some swell sound imitations.

VITAL STATISTICS: Bob Burns is building a big ranch called Sowbelly Acres down in the San Fernando Valley. Bob debutted in films in 1913 in a Swiss Guard costume, says he started to yodel, was asked to lie down on cobblestones and let peasants in wooden shoes trample over him to the Bastille. Gets black and blue even now when he thinks of those shoes. His bazooka's now on sale as a toy to disturb the American calm; he writes his own radio speeches; does a newspaper box every day; just two years ago he made two personal appearances in one night for which he got $6.50 for one, $3.50 for the other; says he looks into the lookin' glass once in a while and says: "Hey, Burns, kin you figger it out?". . . Martha Raye thinks working in the old 4-a-day at $150 a week a cinch compared to working in pictures, nightclubs and radio at about $2,000 in combined checks. Averages about 4-hours-a-night sleep while picturfying, hopes to get a rest on a forthcoming 4-month personal-appearance tour. . . . Awkward, chunky, nasal, and the champ bowman of the Ozarkian Mischa Heifetzes, Rufe Davis is actually a hillbilly who has seen the hills. Once a cotton chopper down Mangum, Oklahomy way, one day Rufe spent his pay on a guitar downpayment, mastered three chords, entered a tentshow amateur contest, nasalized his hillbillyaching songs to the three chords, ran off with the $5 firstprize money. Thereafter gave up cotton chopping, because money came easier this way. Spent 7 following years vodvilling, tentshowing, playing dances. . . . Terry Walker's had her pretty mug on many a mag cover. . . . Obviously under the influence of the terrific heat they engendered in each other in this part, Bob Burns and Marthy Raye became June bugs. On the 1st of June Bob married his former sektry Harriet Foster; Martha Raye married Hamilton (Buddy) Westmore, one of the facial Westmores. Obviously all Martha and her new husband will do henceforth is kiss and makeup.

★ ★ ★ THE SINGING MARINE

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Doris Weston, Lee Dixon, Hugh Herbert, Jane Darwell, Allen Jenkins, George (Doc) Rockwell, Rose King, Marcia Ralston, Guinn Williams, Veda Ann Borg, Jane Wyman, Berton Churchill, Eddie Acuff, Larry Adler, Robert Barrat, Addison Richards, James Robbins, Miki Morita, Pierre Watkin. Screen play by Delmar Davis. Directed by Ray Enright. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 100 minutes.

A MUSICAL of the boys who have landed and have the situation well in hand, this has for its hero—honestly!—a shy, diffident marine. The timid, bashful recruit from Arkansas is Bob Brent.

Bob's crooning is a great romantic help to his fellow marines on a moonlight night. The gals lose all their repressions when he sings. As a reward, the boys chip in together and send Bob East to sing on a national radio hour. In no time at all Bob is an air idol in the big money. But his enlistment in the Marine Corps still holds good. What will happen?

The panorama of the Arkansas marine is studded with songs, pleasantly done by Dick Powell, who seems a little tired as Bob Brent, and by his sentimental interest, the blonde cashier in a marine-patronized beanery, sweetly sung by a new find, Doris Weston. Through the proceedings meanders Hugh Herbert as the hilarious, mad booking agent who lifts the marine to fame and fortune. And Herbert plays his own sister, too, a shy litle bookworm who will stir your risibilities.

VITAL STATISTICS: Debutting we find Doris Weston, born a Wester 21 years ago in Chicago. Doris was a Major Bowes amateur, stepped direct therefrom to the Radio City Rainbow Room. Booked there for a week, she loitered nine, chanting enchantingly until the right scout came along—a Warnerian. . . . Dickieboy Powell's yearning for a pic without singing; is a candid-camera maniac, has about 5,000 shots, develops his own. Knows 650 songs letter perfect. Is in the Gable fanmail class, gets about 1,000 a day. . . . Hugh Herbert gets fan marriage proposals—typical one was from a woman whose husband had died in a mental institution, Herbert reminding her of him. . . . Marcia Ralston is Mrs. Phil Harris from Owstrailyer, has never seen a kangaroo except in a zoo. . . . Lee Dixon never does the same step twice, is a terpsichorean ad libber. . . . Big Boy Williams is that fond of his polo ponies he dashes about town in his pony transport truck, often takes a pony along to work to keep him company and to show him off. . . . When selecting lady hoofettes, Dance Mechanic Busby Berkeley first looks at their faces, then their figures, then their hands. If all three are graceful, alluring, darling, divine, and oomphful, he looks at their legs. If these shape up well the gal is hired—@ about $50 a week. . . . Palmyra, Mo.'s Jane Darwell's glad to be a hard dame again; was getting jittery with so many trips over the hill to the relief station in recent roles.

★ ★ SLIM

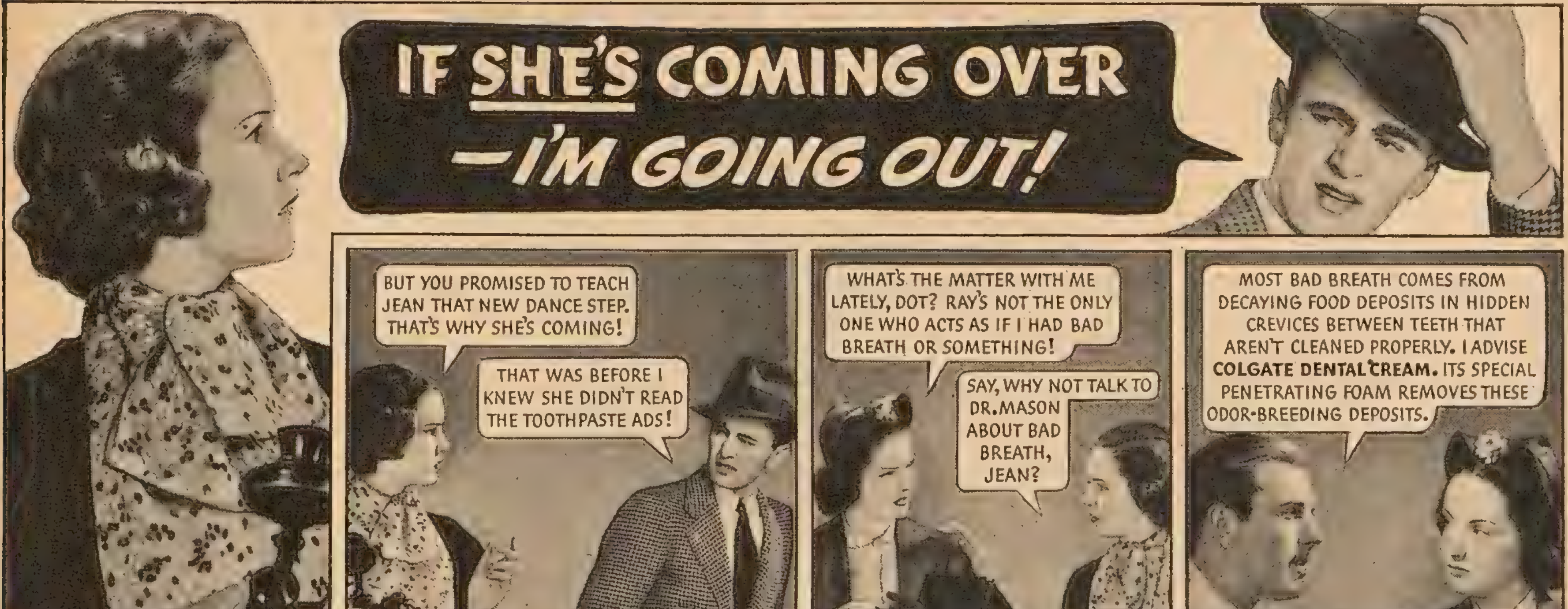
THE PLAYERS: Pat O'Brien, Henry Fonda, Margaret Lindsay, Stuart Erwin, J. Farrell MacDonald, Dick Purcell, Joseph Sawyer, Craig Reynolds, John Litel, Jane Wyman, Harlan Tucker, Joseph King, Carlyle Moore, Jr., James Robbins, Henry Otho, Dick Wessell, Max Wagner, Ben Hendricks, Alonzo Prince, Maidel Turner, Walter Miller. Screen play by William Wister Haines. Directed by Ray Enright. Running time, 96 minutes.

THE films, in their efforts to dramatize every kind of activity and find unsung heroes, get around to the linemen who string and repair our electric wires. They try pretty hard to make the profession romantic and thrilling, but the result depends upon your point of view.

Slim steps from simple, untutored farm boy to "grunt," one of the ground crew, then into the air as a lineman. His hero is tough Lineman Red Blayd who earns enough at his precarious profession to get to Chicago once a year for a spending spree. The big scene comes when the boys fight hot wires in a blizzard, playing around with 88,000 volts in a blinding gale.

It all depends upon how interesting or boring you find linemen to be. You will like Henry Fonda as Slim, Pat O'Brien as Red, and Margaret Lindsay as a pretty nurse who tries to win Slim away from his dangerous trade.

VITAL STATISTICS: They put up a 100-foot substation powertower made of steel and with all the electric doodads, offered Pat O'Brien and Henry Fonda doubles for all the high shots. Each refused. However, after these heroic cinemen had done their stuff en haut, prop men found two sets of footprints in the steel, obviously where the O'Brien & the Fonda dogs had bitten deep in nervous gripping. Those wires, handled by O'B. & F. and supposedly containing 132,000 volts, were dead, but the electric sparks that leap around during that blizzard were real, too technically phony for me, who can't pay his electric bill, to explain. . . . In case you're ignorant about electric-linemen lingo, a charged wire is hot, an uncharged one is cold; they use aluminum, not copper, in high-tension wires;


IF SHE'S COMING OVER —I'M GOING OUT!
BUT YOU PROMISED TO TEACH JEAN THAT NEW DANCE STEP. THAT'S WHY SHE'S COMING!
THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW SHE DIDN'T READ THE TOOTHPASTE ADS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME LATELY, DOT? RAY'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO ACTS AS IF I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!
SAY, WHY NOT TALK TO DR. MASON ABOUT BAD BREATH, JEAN?
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

THEN—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I'M AFRAID MY BROTHER HAS FALLEN FOR YOU, JEAN!
YOU BET I HAVE! AND IN A BIG WAY!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And tests also prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth.* Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating* foam, removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

those 100-ft. powertowers can be put up, minus foundations of course, in about 3 hours; falling steel and tools get more linemen than do hot wires; "Headache!" is the cry when something is falling; linemen actually try to catch each other when they fall. . . . Pat Dimples O'Brien turns over his paycheck to the little woman weekly; there's a big annuity growing; he just took out $100,000 added insurance; O'Briens live well but thriftily. On Victorville location, he refused to bathe in the black sunken private bathtub assigned him in his private dude-ranch suite; preferred the ranch community shower. Hm. A dude ranch with sunken baths. Dies for first time in career, falling 150 feet. . . . Henry Hank Fonda, born a Cornhusker and married to a society miss Brokaw, couldn't operate that plow herein, had to be coached and coached, yet no one on the screen looks more corny, rural, and hayseedy. Hank has 200 solo flying hours and 650 Irish records. . . . Margaret Lindsay's back in nurse's uniform again; John Litel rolls his own and smokes them in a long expensive cigholder; Stu Erwin is raising English bulldogs and gets his sad expressions from watching them; actors hate playing in those white-cornflake snowstorms studios cook up, snowflakes irritating them, getting down their necks, into their eyes and nostrils.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion.

★★★½—Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man.

★★★—A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song.

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The 60-watt MAZDA lamp of today, for example, gives 10% more light than the same size lamp of a year ago. These 1937 lamps are not only brighter than ever before but they *stay brighter longer.* Yet prices are lowest in history! This year it is more important than ever to look for the trade-mark GE on every lamp bulb you buy. Why not get a fresh supply of "spares" today?

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

"ALL I WANT IS *Fair Play*"

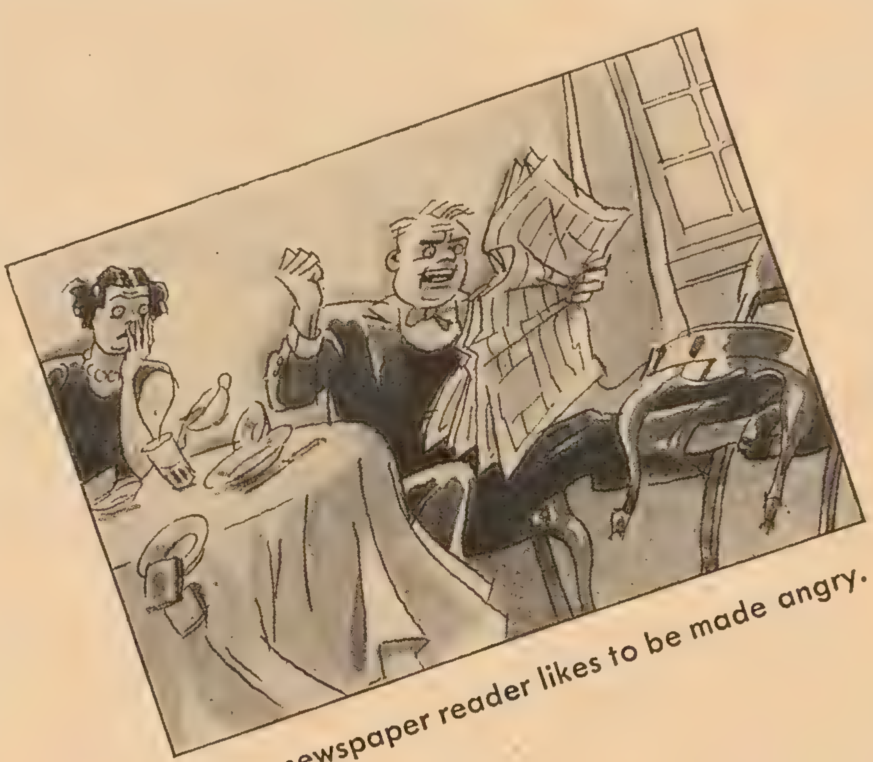
READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Does any one really mean that?—A wit and philosopher tilts a lance at some droll ways of us mortals

"ALL I want is fair play." As long as I can remember, which is longer than you can, every newspaper that I ever aided, almost singlehanded, with my heaven-sent gifts—including one which was shot from under me and one which I was shot away from—got three or four hundred letters a year beginning or ending with those spurious words. The letter writers all lied. They didn't want fair play. They wanted special privilege. They wanted the other side discomfited.

I am sick of these Fair-Players. I am tired of fair-minded people; I'm getting so that I don't like broad-minded ones any more. They have made me narrow-minded and unfair. All *I* want is fair play, but I want the play to be fair to me. I want it to be what I consider fair to me, and then I'll be what I consider fair to the other person. As the poet (George Wither: 1588—1667) might have said of employers and employees, parents and children, husbands and wives, borrowers and lenders, authors and critics—

If they be not fair
to me,
What care I how
fair they be?



Every newspaper reader likes to be made angry.

Take 1929. For all of me, take it and tie a stone to it, and throw it into the sea. . . . Well, in late October and November we were all asked to be Fair. Fair to the American People, the small investor, and the brokerage houses, including the overworked margin clerks. Of course, when what used to be called the Smoke of Battle had cleared away, there were many of my fair-minded friends who knew that the Crash was Inevitable, and that we were Riding for a Fall. Nobody was fair to me in August and September of that most immemorial year. The brokers told me that the Blue Vault of Heaven was the limit; the bankers forced money on me. "Don't buy the house outright," they all said. "You want to have as big a mortgage as you can get." I hate owing anything, so I said, "Why?" They laughed.

And later they told me that any two-year-old child could have predicted what was going to happen. I was that, but I couldn't have predicted it. Rather I listened like a three year's child (Coleridge: The Rime of the Ancient Mariner), and the fair-minded mariners had their will. I was the boy who was asked to Put His Shoulder to the Wheel, to be patriotic, and to buy stocks. Fair-minded Mr. John D. Rockefeller said: "My son and I are buying common stocks." He didn't tell me which common stocks, and I tried to find out, but the fair-minded stock buyers didn't tell me. I tried to guess, and the grocers and the butchers and the milkmen know with what success. When the public subscription is taken up for my headstone, remember the epitaph I requested: "He was Fair to the Bankers and Brokers."

And how was the fair-minded fellow in the campaign? In every campaign? The horrible things that the candidates said of each other, that one party said of the other, were said under the delusion that all is fair in politics. Rot! The fair-minded newspaper reader is a Republican; his Republican paper prints the story of the Democratic Convention, or even of the Democratic landslide. "You are fouling your own nest," he writes. "You are advertising the opposition. Be fair." And the Democrat writes the Republican newspaper and says that his party is being minimized. All he wants, he says, is fair play. And the Communist papers, feeling—and justifiably—that they won't get Fair Play in the papers partisan to the Capitalistic Parties, are unfair to these parties and the candidates, and run overemphasized news, favorable to their side, though I think that their pretense at fairness is not to be taken seriously, for it is less subtle than the (Rep.) and (Dem.) papers that let readers think that they are utterly fair and independent politically.

I don't mind print so much as talk. After all, I can throw the paper away; I can write the editor and tell him to Stop the Paper. By the way, the circulation managers tell me that not one in a thousand Stop-the-Paper writers stops the paper. They keep on reading it, just to see how long those Bigots are going to keep it up. There is some masochism in every newspaper reader: he likes to be made angry or unhappy by what he reads in the paper.

There is nothing so bigoted as your fair-minded reader. He doesn't want fairness; he wants corroboration. He wants to say to his wife, or to the man at the next desk, "See, I'm right. Look what the paper says."

The weather-forecast readers have a specific kind of unfairness. "For today," the report says, "Fair and Cooler; Tomorrow, Showers." So the reader goes to his office overcoated, on a hot rainy day. Next day he takes an umbrella; it is a sweet, sunny day. So he says, "The paper said Fair, and then Rain. You can't believe a thing they say." Of course, the paper has no more to do with it than you have. The newspapers get hourly reports from the Weather Bureau, and they print what they get. Local forecasts are almost always right. It is one department that, no matter how you accuse the paper of distorting the news, is not colored by the editor's or the owner's political opinions or social ambitions.

This reminds me of my son when he was seven. He knew that I was connected in some way with a newspaper. He thought that I wrote the entire paper. Those days the only thing that he looked at every morning was The Weather. And one day he said, "Tell them to have it warm and sunny tomorrow, papa." As luck would have it, the forecast was Fair and Warmer. All newspapermen, at least part of the time, have a messianic complex. That time, and only then, I felt like God.

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

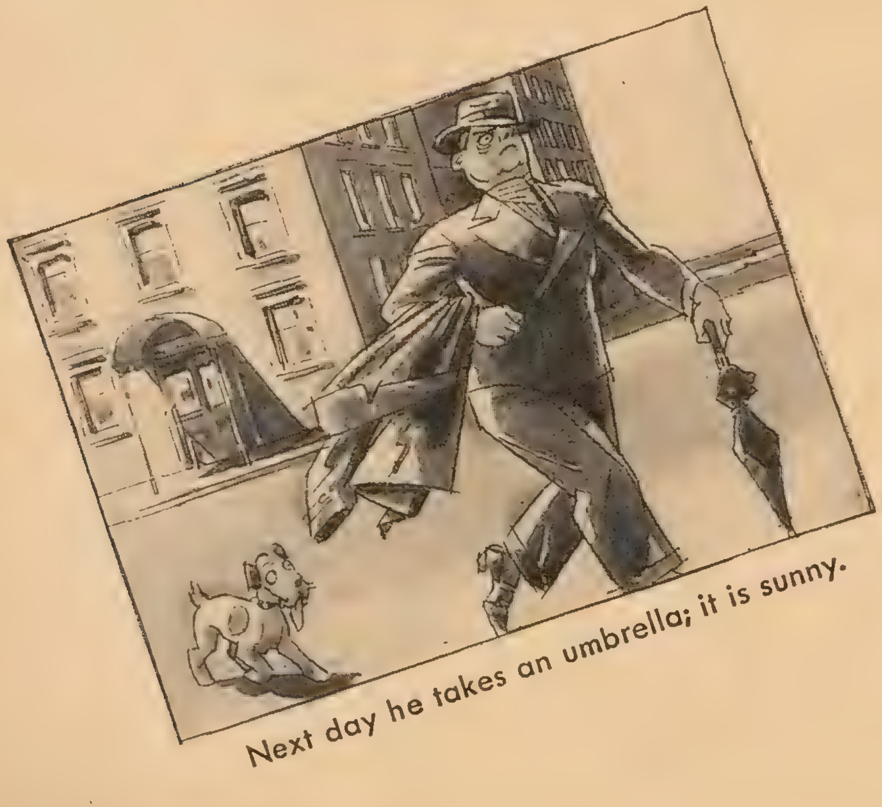
What sickens me is the phony fairness that goes under the alias of sportsmanship. Now I am as good a sport as the next fellow—in fairness to myself, I'm a better sport than he. But when I'm in the fifth set of a tennis match, and my opponent, whom we will call Stuart Chase, nets a ball, am I sincerely regretful, like the dandy sportsman I am? No. I say, "Tough luck, thank heaven!" And how I dance about the table in glee when my rival at pool misses an easy shot! Do I say, "Well tried, Kirby!"? I holler, "Goody, goody!"

In the poker game current in the dear days of my solvency, we had one player—only one—who was so Fair that we just had to drop him. He would draw three cards to a pair of aces; another player, with a pat flush, would draw none. Our Fair friend would get another ace and a pair of deuces. So there would be a bet, and the eventual shoving in of the whole stacks, for this was a table-stakes game. The winner, Fair if it killed him, would always say, "Sorry, Heywood, old man!"

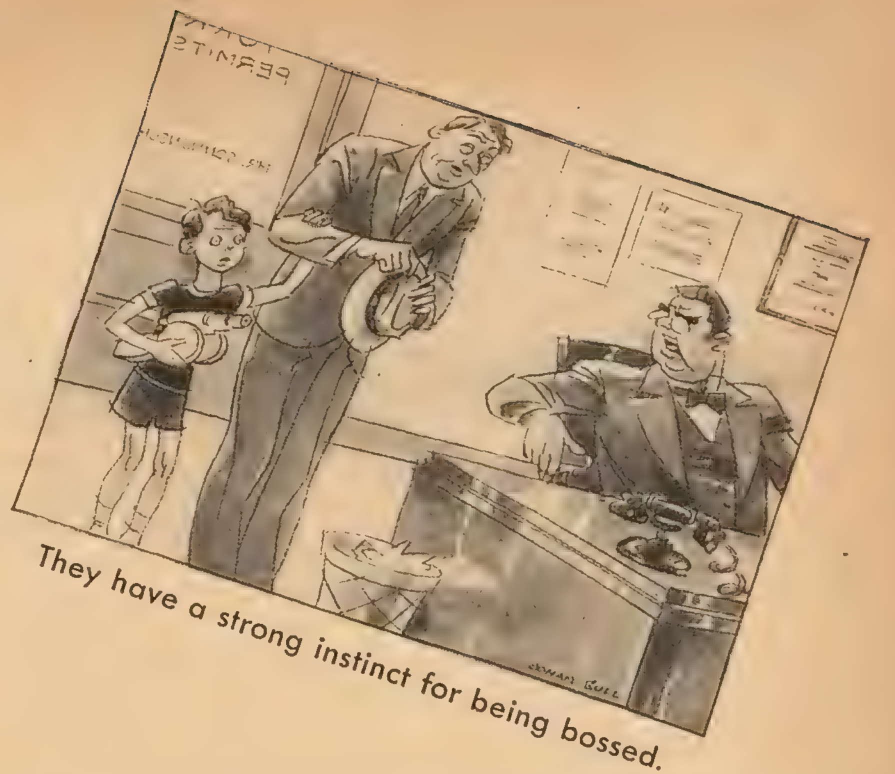
But those are trivialities, just as the Hitlers and the Mussolinis, who certainly are Fair not only to their own nations but also to the rest of the universe, are themes too large for me to cope with. In fairness to my public, I announce that I don't know enough.

But everybody else knows everything, and knows it accurately. While the royal abdication was the current and exclusive topic at dinner tables, I heard nothing but fair-minded conversation. Conversation? Monologues. And not alone by Americans who took their unbias from the newspapers. By Englishmen and Englishwomen too. "This is how it was," they said, and not how it seemed to them, or how they thought it was, but how it was, and no two ways about it. And they told how it was, four different certain convictions. They were being fair to Edward, to Mrs. Simpson, to Stanley Baldwin, to the Queen Mother. But none of them Fair to the same one. They were so Fair to their cause and to their opponents that they didn't even listen to anybody else.

It was during the first few weeks of the President's suggestions about the reorganization of the Supreme Court that the entire nation seemed to go Fair-minded overnight. Men and women who five years ago couldn't have told you the names of two Justices or one of the Supreme Court's decisions, knew at once (a) that the President, the greatest dictator of the ages, wanted to pack the Court with friends who would do his bidding; and (b) that the President's clear and far-sighted vision, unselfish and patriotic, was only one of his divine qualities. Even Mr. Walter Lippmann, whose fair-mindedness is not spurious, said, "If the people do not rise up to defeat this measure, then they have lost their instinct for liberty and their understanding of constitutional government."



Next day he takes an umbrella; it is sunny.



They have a strong instinct for being bossed.

Now I think the American people have a strong instinct for liberty. But they, like most others, have a strong instinct against liberty, for being bossed; a human desire to shirk responsibility, so that if something untoward happens, they can say, "Well, it wasn't our fault."

The Court Plan, as the headlines called it, stirred the American press, and many of the public, to the greatest exhibition of rabid fair-mindedness in my memory. Everybody who had an opinion at all was sure that his was right, and fair to everybody. I feel most of the time, and more with the years, that everybody knows more about everything than I do about anything. As to the Supreme Court discussions, there was—there still is—a great deal to be screamed on both sides. I don't listen any more.

FAIR-MINDEDNESS by another name is Toleration. I can recognize the Shouters for Toleration blindfolded. They are for Toleration in Religion, Race, Politics, Art, Literature, Music, the Drama. What they want is that somebody or some class that in their opinion is discriminated against should get an even break or better. In the New York telephone directory there are Leagues Against Discrimination in Employment; Against Food and Drug Frauds; For American Citizenship; Of Another Chance; For Constitutional Government; For Independent Political Action; For Industrial Democracy; For Industrial Rights; For Labor Palestine; For Political Education; and For a Woman President and Other Public Offices. Possibly all they want is Fair Play, with the cards marked, ever so little, in their favor.

Please be fair, you fair-minded tyrants. Be fair to yourselves. But let me alone. I, as Spokesman for the League Against Fair-Mindedness, would have Polonius thus advise Hamlet:

To thine ownself be fair,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be unfair to any man.

And this is my platform:

How narrow his vision, how cribbed and confined!
  How violent all of his views!
How hard is the shell of his bigoted mind!
  How difficult he to excuse!
His face should be slapped and his head should
  be banged;
  A person like that ought to die!
I want to be fair, but a man should be hanged
  Who is any less liberal than I.

THE END

FAMILY SCANDAL

By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE shock of being jilted by his fiancée, who elopes with his father, sends wealthy Bill Madison off on a drinking spree to forget it all. He comes out of his alcoholic coma three days later to find himself married to Harriet Vail, his glamour-loving ship acquaintance.

Despite his complete lack of love for her, Bill agrees to try the marriage on a business basis in the hope that he will be able to avoid bothersome social obligations and devote more time to his work. Harriet, however, is determined to make the most of the marriage even though she realizes Bill's true affections are directed toward lovely Anne Moore, his childhood chum, whose father once captained a yacht owned by Bill's uncle. Captain Moore, victim of an accident at sea, is bitter in his denunciation of the rich and powerful Madisons and the fate that forced him to seek a livelihood piloting a barge. And Anne, naturally, smothers her romantic dreams of Bill when she learns of his gin wedding.

A collision of the Madison yacht and the Moore barge—deliberate on Captain Moore's part—offers Bill a chance to make a generous cash settlement to the Moores, but Anne easily sees through the farce, and promises Bill she'll pay back every cent of his charity. She visits Bill's Aunt Delia, seeking a job.

Meantime Bill has realized his love for Anne and the futility of his marriage with Harriet. He is about to ask Harriet for a Reno divorce, when she stuns him with the announcement that she is going to have his baby, conceived the first night of their marriage. Reluctantly Bill decides to remain with Harriet. Another scandalous escapade, he fears, will prove fatal to his ailing father. He does not break the news to Anne, though they become friends again.

Eventually Bill finds that Harriet is spending a great deal of money, most of which, she tells him, goes for her artist group in Greenwich Village. He also learns that she has been seeing Ivan, an old admirer. He is about to reproach her for her extravagance one night, when Travers, the butler, stops him. " There's something going on here that you should know about," he tells Bill.

PART SEVEN—THE DOORS OF PARADISE

BILL was alarmed at Travers' manner. He immediately thought of his poison kit—had Harriet been at that again?

" Yes, Travers? " he asked quickly.

But it was something else that was bothering the faithful servant, and he really had pitifully little to tell. . . . It was merely this: A dark ill-mannered man named " Ivan " had come to the apartment several times. Every visit had upset Mrs. Madison unbelievably. Even his telephone calls had. . . .

" Forgive me, Mr. Bill, if you know all about it. But this man fairly runs to get away before you come home! So I thought you ought to be told."

" Thank you, Travers. "

Bill knocked on Harriet's door.

The sobbing ceased. He heard her scurrying about, water running.

Washing tears off. Lord, I'm sick of her recovery administrations! thought Bill.

Harriet, fully arrayed in street costume, flung open the door. She was even pulling on her gloves. And a veil from her tiny hat shadowed her tear-reddened eyes.

" Bill, you're home early! I was just on my way out. An upsetting telephone call—"

" Yes? Well, *I'm* on my way in. I want to have a talk. Come into my study. "

He escorted her into the small pine-paneled room where his pictures, trophies, skins made a little Africa out of what had been meant to be an English smoking room.

Harriet loved the place. The maps on the walls meant travel, the spears and skins meant adventure, the ancient Bantu curios meant history, romance. . . . But today she was too upset to get any thrill out of her picturesque surroundings. Besides, the frown on Bill's face boded trouble.

" Now! " said Bill, lighting a cigarette, and even forgetting to offer her one.

" Why, Bill! " Harriet was striving for her dramatic best. " You sound positively warlike! "

Calmly she reached for a cigarette. He lighted it, with mumbled apology.

" I am warlike! Let's have, here and now, a war to end war. A talk to end talk. What's going on? Who is this Ivan? "

Harriet's hands didn't tremble as she carefully put down her cigarette, buttoned the jacket of her silk suit.

" Oh, Bill, " she was a picture of contrite sincerity, " I'm sorry you have to be bothered by all this. Although you've been sweet and generous, you're so out of sympathy with my gang! Even the ones who don't just lean on W. P. A. brushes. Even those who get jobs outside—"

" Such as—a waiter at El Morocco? "

Harriet felt ground give beneath her feet. Her dark eyes dilated. But she stood fast—and spoke fast.

" Why, yes—yes—Ivan Marky did get a job there. He's really a good artist—president of the B. of U. W. It was he who called me now—they're in trouble. "

" They're always in trouble. "

" But this is worse. A lot of them have had W. P. A. jobs and are being fired! Please, Bill, let me go down to them— "

She started to rise, but he detained her with a gesture of his hand.

" Listen, Harriet. I heard you crying! You're not enough of a sissy to be doing that just because some of your pals have lost their W. P. A. jobs! You're too intelligent to try to make me believe that! You're only telling half the truth. What else is there? "

It was then that an agitated Travers appeared again.

" Bennett is on the wire, sir! He says Mrs. Van Ryder has had a stroke of some sort. The doctor is there; but she is calling for you. "

Bill whirled about.

" Tell Bennett I'll be over at once! " He groaned. " Not Delia, Lord, how unfair! " He saw Harriet still confronting him. " Stay here, please! I'll be back. We'll talk then. I must go now— "

Harriet watched his swift departure.

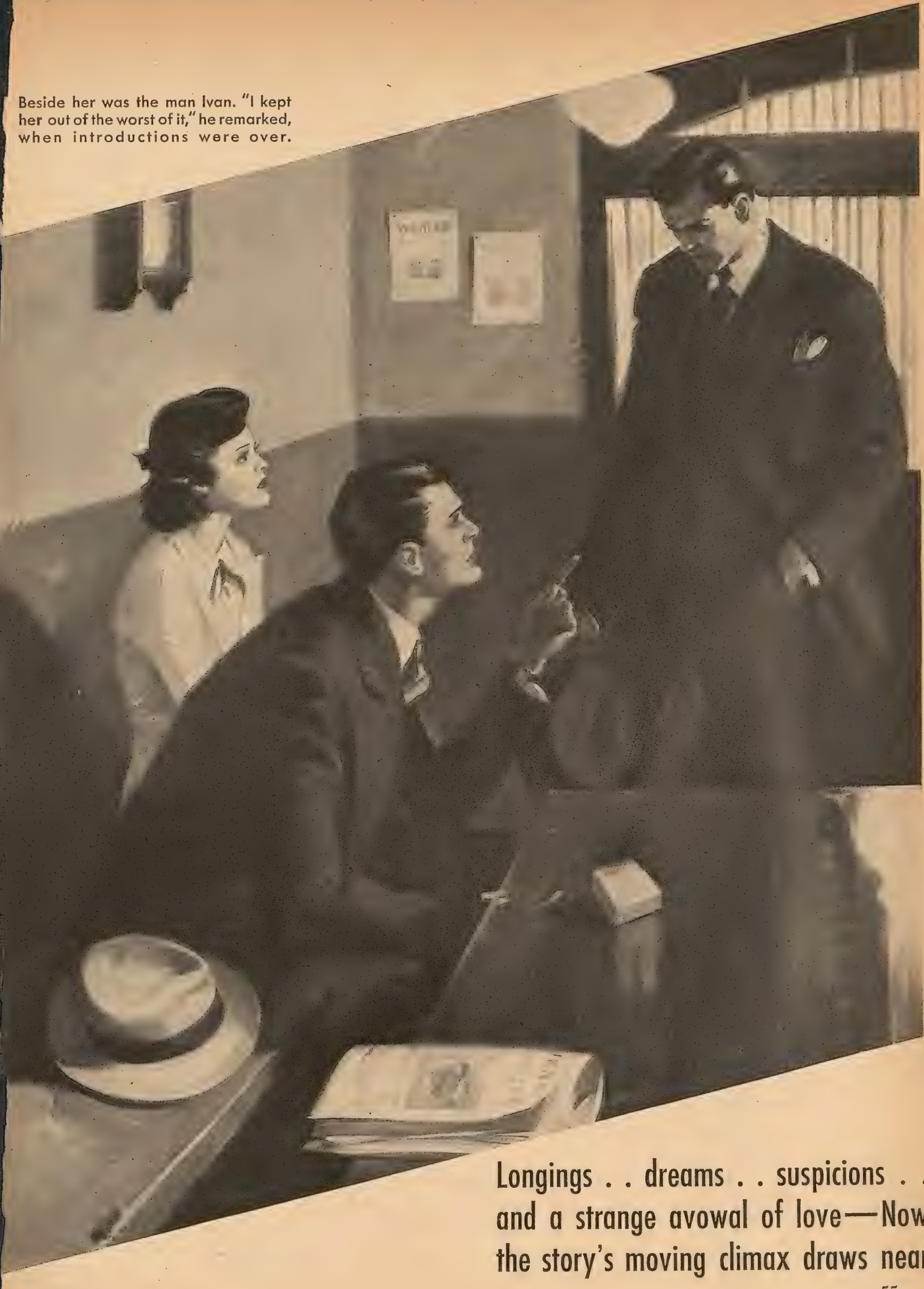
So! I may not go when *my* friends need me! But he can dash off just because his precious aunt has the vapors!

She pulled on her gloves and made for the elevators.

. . . . .

But Delia didn't have the vapors. Bolstered up in her canopied bed in the great room where sun and wind rarely intruded, she lay panting for breath. Her beautiful hands—one of them oddly puffed and rigid—lay at her

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH NUSSDORF



Beside her was the man Ivan. "I kept her out of the worst of it," he remarked, when introductions were over.

Longings . . dreams . . suspicions . . . and a strange avowal of love—Now the story's moving climax draws near sides. Her full bosom rose and fell under mauve taffeta and lace. Her lips were purpled—as though Death had already applied his lipstick. The only alive things about her were her eyes, glittering beneath drooped lids; and her ghost of a voice, still able to issue from her constricted throat.

She watched Dr. Runyon now with no fear in her glance, merely a calm acceptance.

"How long will it take?" she managed.

He started; gently withdrew his fingers from her pulse. His voice was soothing.

"Oh—ah, Delia, you must be patient. We'll move you out of the city—somewhere with plenty of sunshine, peace—"

"Stuff!" she whispered. "Hate sunshine; hate peace! Hate exercise; hate fresh air; hate anything good for me! Always have. You know it! Probably why I'm going this way! . . . Freddie"— she rolled her eyes in her still face— "I hate quibblers, too. Tell me the truth!"

Freddie Runyon looked down on the bloated caricature of a girl who had once dined with him at Shanley's, waltzed with him at the Friday cotillions. Her hair had been red and gold then, her eyes sparkling. And—she had preferred the dashing Morgan Van Ryder to hard-working dull Freddie Runyon! That had been years ago, yet it seemed only yesterday! And here, already, was the end of her story! And he, Freddie, was sharing death with her—as he had never been able to share life!

"Not long, Dee," he said softly.

"Days?"

"Perhaps."

She caught the hesitation in his voice. Her eyes clouded.

"Damn!" she said distinctly. "Had things to do! You'll have to help, Freddie."

He nodded. The lines about his fine old mouth seemed to deepen.

"I want a nurse."

"Of course."

He rose, thinking her mind had wandered from the subject in hand.

"Anne Moore, protégée of mine. Wonderful girl. Grown to love her these last weeks. She'll surprise you! Looks like me—when you first knew me. . . . Get her . . . and my lawyer. He must come at once."

Dr. Runyon went out to instruct Bennett to telephone. When he returned he was amazed to see that almost a smile had achieved itself on Delia's distorted mouth.

"Turned matchmaker in my old age," she whispered. "My nephew—loves this girl—don't interrupt!—she loves him—I found out. . . . Wish I could wait to see them married—take too long, divorce and all. . . . Wanted to give parties, buy her clothes, start her right. Too late now! But—I can leave her money—"

She was tiring fast.

FREDDIE, get paper. Take down what I say. Codicil to my will. Call cook and Bennett—witnesses—"

Dr. Runyon hesitated. He knew something about Bill Madison's domestic affairs that he was sure Delia Van Ryder did not know. That even the Broadway gossip columnists didn't know! . . . That they would love to know—"The William Madison, Thirds, are storking—"

"Hurry, Freddie!"

"Dee, would you"—the doctor cleared his throat. This was a bit of a quandary! "Would you leave money to this girl even if she never married Bill?"

He felt that that covered the situation. But the old woman on the bed knew her own mind.

"Hate—people who ask questions! Your one fault—Freddie! Always was! . . . Too cautious. . . . Yes, I want to give—Anne Moore—money . . . also—they'll marry."

She closed her eyes.

He obeyed her. The codicil was dictated. She signed it with her jerky right hand.

Then she sent for Bill.

• • • • •

Delia was barely conscious when Bill came. Her breathing was so light that the taffeta-and-lace coverlet over her body scarcely stirred. Bill drew up a foolish little boudoir chair beside her bed. He took her once-beautiful hand in his.

Her eyes opened.

"It's—like me—to go this way—quickly. Yes, Bill?"

"Delia darling!"

The two who had meant so much to each other in life—for all their difference in ages—looked their long farewell.

"Haven't time to scold you," she whispered at last, "or ask why—you've neglected me—and Anne—these weeks. . . . You still love her?" She searched his face.

"Yes."

"Where—is she? I—want to see—you two together."

Dr. Runyon's eyes caught and held Bill's in a look of admonition and understanding.

Bill didn't need the admonition. But he was glad for the understanding. . . . What a part this fine old man had played in the background of all their lives, helping them through so many crises! He had brought him, Bill, into the world; had eased his mother's passing; now Delia's; and, in a few months, he'd bring Bill's child . . . No! Bill's spirit groaned. Why must he think of that now! . . . Dr. Runyon was probably thinking of it. . . . But Dr. Runyon also knew what it meant to love and lose!

BILL went into the hall and met Anne coming up the wide staircase. Sunset light streamed in through the stained-glass window on the landing. It made a halo about her burnished hair. The evening was hot, the air heavy. Old Bennett puffed as he followed the girl up the steps. He had her bag.

"I suggested to Miss Moore, sir, that she had better not stop to put on her uniform."

His voice was controlled, colorless as usual, but in his eyes was the look of one whose world is coming to an end. Bill felt a rush of pity for this faithful old servitor.

Anne's face was also anguished.

"Not even that much time? Oh, Bill, is she so—"

Bill nodded. He took her hand.

"A matter of minutes. She—wants to see us together. . . . Anne, we'll go through with a scene—for her?"

She nodded.

His throat tightened. He longed to take her in his arms as she moved beside him, so slender, so childishly appealing in her light summer frock. . . . This was a cruel trick for Fate to play on him—on her.

Hand in hand they entered the death chamber. They approached the bedside. The old woman studied them for what seemed a long time. The silence in the hot airless room was waiting impatiently.

Finally Delia's slow whisper sounded: "Yes. You two love each other. I am glad."

Those were her last words. She sighed lightly. A contented look entered her eyes before they closed.

• • • • •

Bill, shaken, silent—after attending to all the necessary telephoning and arranging—drove Anne home. His mind was full of thoughts of Delia, Anne, life, death, love—and the white-haired doctor who had stood beside Delia's bed to watch the woman he had loved for forty years go out—perhaps to that other man, perhaps to nothing. Who knew?

Anne, sitting small and tense beside Bill, also lived over and over that scene beside the deathbed. But she had no thoughts for the doctor; only for the old woman who had befriended her, and for Bill . . . Bill's hand in hers, the old woman's eyes blessing them. Her voice saying in her last words, "Yes. You two love each other. I am glad." It was like a marriage ceremony. Marriage!

"Anne," Bill turned to her before helping her from the car, "I hardly know what to say . . . I don't know how you feel about what happened in my aunt's room. . . . I had meant never to tell you my side of it—never! But now that she has told it for me, I must. . . . Delia was right. Anne, I love you."

Those three words were what Anne had been waiting for all her life. Her soft voice answered without faltering, "I love you, too, Bill."

The words were spoken. They gazed at each other in the sultry blue twilight. The river moved by them beyond the dark line of barges.

Bill took her hands. He sought and found in her clear eyes all the promises that woman can make man. The beauty of them was blinding. He turned his face away.

"Anne, you love me! Yet I almost wish you didn't. . . . Too much stands between us. Anne"—he changed his tone, tried to make it brusque—"it's only fair that I tell you why I can't move heaven and earth to make you mine! . . . Harriet is going to have a child."

Anne, who had never—in spite of foolish dreams—believed that any part of this could happen, stared out across the gray steel river. She had lived through too much today! Death. The opening of the doors of paradise. And now their abrupt closing! . . . Bill loved her. And Bill's wife was going to have a child!

The whole world seemed to stand still for a few starlit moments, waiting for Anne to find words. Finally—

"Your aunt couldn't have known," she whispered. Then—"Go back to your wife, Bill, now, at once. We mustn't see each other again."

"But, Anne—"

He tried to recapture the hand she had pulled away.

"No." She got out of the car alone. "Please, Bill, don't come with me! . . . It's always easier to be quick! . . . This is good-by." She fled.

Bill drove slowly away. . . . Delia and Anne. They were so much alike! And they both preferred to go quickly. . . . "If I must die, let it be quick! To die a quick death is only half to die—"

BILL entered his apartment. It looked surprisingly everyday—as though nothing had happened. So much had. Death and love . . . Anne loved him! . . . But he mustn't think of that. . . . And Delia had known it! Delia, bless her! A sense of his great personal loss overwhelmed Bill. How he would miss her! . . . The funeral would have to be arranged. . . . His father and Roberta were on their way North.

But where was Harriet?

He went into his study, her bedroom, his bedroom.

The telephone answered his question.

"Hello—Bill? . . . I'm calling from the Thirty-fifth Street police station," Harriet's voice said. "Will you come get me out? . . . They arrested some of my friends. I happened to be there—"

Bill groaned. What next? *Why* couldn't she have obeyed his wishes—at this particular time!

He reached the station practically on the heels of the gentlemen of the press.

"A swell story, Mr. Madison," one of them assured him. "An artists' band down in the Village staged a riot 'cause some of their members were dropped from the W. P. A. rolls. It

"I could go for you, *Old Fellow*—

... if you had a Barbasol Face"

Naturally, women prefer the man who has a "Barbasol Face." (Try Barbasol for just two weeks, and the wonderful good it does your skin will tell you why.)

For the "Barbasol Face" is a youthful face with the skin kept soft and firm and youthful looking by the after-shaving benefits of Barbasol.

With Barbasol there's no brush, no lather, no rub-in. It's quicker—it's handier—and it leaves your face smooth, for Barbasol contains no harsh alkalis to dry your skin and hasten wrinkles.

Get a tube of Barbasol today. Use it for two solid weeks, and you'll see how the years slip away from your face—it's a cinch you'll never go back to old-fashioned shaving methods. Large tube, 25¢; giant size, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. And for 15¢, 5 scalpel-sharp Barbasol Blades. At all drug stores.

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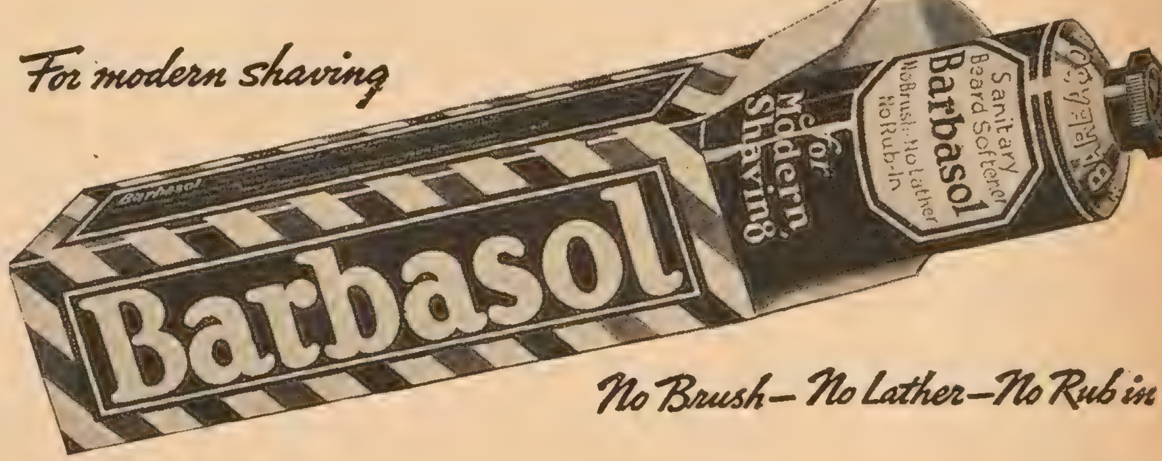

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Liberty Magazine, L7-24-37
Boy Sales Division, 205 East 42nd St.,
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Please tell me how to join the great army of boy salesmen and win money and prizes.

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Address ....

City................. State........

Have your parents show approval by signing here:

....

was a sit-down strike plus a riot with paint-pot throwing. You should have seen it!"

Another reporter whispered loudly, "Is that Bill Madison? Boy, oh, boy! What's he doing here? . . . His wife? . . . Bring the cameras! . . . What a break!"

Bill pushed his way into the crowded room. Bearded men, screaming girls were being jostled into some kind of order by the stick-brandishing officers. The artists were dressed in all kinds of costumes, and seemed to be of all ages—even though they were behaving like children.

Quiet in a corner, on a bench, sat Harriet. Beside her was the man Ivan Marky. Bill crossed to them, his face white and set.

"I kept her out of the worst of it," remarked Ivan, when introductions were over.

HE was a dark young man—younger, probably, than Harriet and Bill. There was a certain insolent charm about him in spite of his shabbiness. He was choosing now to be more insolent than charming.

"Good night, Ivan," Harriet said quickly, rising and taking Bill's arm.

"I'm sure you did everything you could. Thank you," said Bill.

He dispensed with the police red tape speedily. The reporters were less easy to handle. More than one flashlight camera caught them before they sank into the safety of the cab.

Bill sat looking straight in front of him.

"Well? Say it!" challenged Harriet. "Get it over with. I can take it! Go on!"

"Delia died two hours ago."

"Oh—I didn't mean—I— "

As an afterthought Bill added in a flat voice, "This story and our pictures will make the papers along with hers . . . . the difference being that *her* life was something to be proud of!"

"Oh, Bill, Bill, I'm so sorry! . . . Don't—don't look at me like that! You're breaking my heart! . . . You don't know what I'm going through."

Her shoulders shook with dry sobs.

"Oh, yes," Bill said, suddenly pulling himself together, "I almost forgot. You were going to tell me, hours ago, what hold this Ivan has over you. Why"—he shot at random—"are you giving him money? Don't tell me it all went to that long-haired band!"

"I'll tell, Bill. I'll tell now! I will!" The words tumbled out. "I've been too ashamed before. . . . You guessed that all the money wasn't just for the artists. It wasn't. No. It was for my sister."

"Your *sister?*"

"Yes, I've never told you about her! We're all ashamed of her. But I love her. She's only eighteen. She's been living with Ivan—has a child by him! He says he'll marry her if he has money. . . . He can't make much, isn't well, has lost his job. I've been helping him for her sake. He keeps asking for more!"

"But that borders on blackmail! It must be stopped!"

"No, Bill—I mean yes! Yes, I'll stop giving them money. But don't interfere—for my sister's sake, Bill. He might leave her—and she loves him! . . . . I won't see them any more. Or my gang, or any of them! I just want to please you. . . . Bill," she changed her voice to sudden intense pleading, "let's leave New York! Let's go abroad. There are good doctors there. . . . You need a change. So do I. . . . Your book is finished. You were wishing just the other night that you could go farther into the African jungle on another trip! You could leave me in some city while you went in—"

Light flooded Bill's brain—not light about the present sordid chaos of his life, but light that meant possible solution of his future.

"Not a bad suggestion!" he agreed softly. "We'll sail for Africa immediately after the funeral."

And ringing in his head he could hear the words of the English doctor who had dragged him through his bout with African jungle fever—"One more touch of this will end you. Stay away from the jungle." . . . But why not? Fever was an honorable way.

"Let's slip away secretly—not let any one know," Harriet pursued.

"Yes," he agreed. "Yes."

. . . . .

But secrecy where William Madison, Third, was concerned was difficult to maintain.

As Roberta, exquisite in her mourning for Delia, told Bill lightly, while they sat alone over cocktails on the terrace of the Park Avenue apartment, "We Madisons enjoy all the enviable privacy of goldfish! And you, Bill, take the prize! You manage to make the papers about once a month in the juiciest situations!"

"You and dad didn't do so badly!"

"No—and we're not doing badly now—in other ways. I've thought a lot about what you told me, Bill. I *am* taking care of him. He's better, even in spite of Delia's death. I did one Madison dirt, I won't another!"

"Good girl."

Roberta smiled. "Thank you, Bill."

BILL'S preparations were completed. Harriet's packing was almost done. She had staved off Ivan with the excuse of the funeral. And now, tomorrow, unbeknown to him, she was leaving the country!

In one more day she'd be free!

But there were two things that Harriet herself didn't know. The first was that a young salesman in a fashionable sporting goods store had told his brother, a newspaper reporter, that Bill Madison must be planning another trip in the very near future, because he had insisted on speed in the delivery of certain tropical sports equipment.

The second thing that Harriet didn't know was that Bill had entrusted to his lawyer the handling of certain very confidential matters.

in case, for any reason, he shouldn't return. One of these matters was the checking-up on Ivan Marky. Bill wanted his lawyer to be in a position to prevent any future blackmailing or pestering of Harriet.

He had instructed his lawyer to investigate secretly the situation of his wife's sister.

Therefore, on the afternoon before their incognito sailing, the newspapers broke the story of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Madison, Third's, mystery trip!

And on that same afternoon, Bill's lawyer telephoned him!

"I'm sorry to bother you, Mr. Madison. . . . But there must be some strange mistake somewhere. Mrs. Madison has no sister."

Strange mistake, or malicious lie? How will this news affect Bill and his plans? Will he ask Harriet for an explanation? Is she shielding Ivan, or is there some one else? In next week's installment, unpredictable developments will shed new light on Bill's marriage.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 44

1—George V.

2—Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen's dummy.

3—Yes, according to Dr. James S. Greene, Medical Director of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders (New York), who states there are about eight boy stutterers to one girl.

4—Ralph Guldahl, with a record-shattering score of 281 for the 72 holes.

5—Life insurance for buildings and machinery to provide against obsolescence and dilapidation.

6—In Georgia, Kansas, Mississippi, Oklahoma, and Tennessee.

7—No, since various fishes, insects, and reptiles have them.

8—All are five and a half yards in length.

9—Laura Ingersoll Secord.

10—Isaiah 30:33—"For Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the king it is prepared; he hath made it deep and large: the pile thereof is fire and much wood; the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it." (See also Psalms 18:8.)

11—A horse pushes against the collar or breast strap of the harness, but *draws* the vehicle.

12—In order, in the morning, to set the official gold price; in the afternoon, to establish the silver quotation. They are partners in London's four leading bullion firms.

13—A prawn.

14—The late Jean Harlow.

15—One million and a quarter—the largest number since the Gay Nineties.

16—Helmuth Hirsch, 21 years old, who gained citizenship at birth through his father. He was executed because of treason alleged against Hitler.

17—Count Felix von Luckner who, during the World War, raided many Allied ships in a disguised rebuilt windjammer, but invariably sought to avoid the destruction of life.

18—Cotton cloth or fabrics.

19—Daniel C. Roper.

20—

Victor Herbert

Vacation Days
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
R-147

YES! $54.95 NOW BUYS TELEDIAL AUTOMATIC TUNING

ZIP! Your Station Tuned to a Pin Point!
EUROPE GUARANTEED!

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GENERAL HOUSEHOLD UTILITIES COMPANY • Chicago, Illinois • Marion, Indiana

Vox Pop

A Group of Fine People Completely Beaten Down

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—We are taking pictures at Shafter, where the potato crop is now being picked. I don't know whether Liberty readers know anything about the migratory labor here. The big growers need much help only during the harvest, so, instead of keeping many men, they hire these migrants who move from crop to crop, camping near the field.

The way that they are compelled to live is really horrible—it is the most complete human degradation that you can imagine. Some have real tents, but many have only shelters made with a blanket strung over a couple of poles—or burlap bags pinned together. A rickety old car that barely goes, perhaps a rusty bed, but more often just a mattress, a pail for water, a skillet, a coffeepot and a stewpot and an old stove is the usual equipment. Large families live in one tent with no other home. Generally they have to pay for the use of the tent space and must leave as soon as the crop is harvested. If they cannot pay, they take a chance on pitching camp anywhere, hoping not to be thrown off.

Sanitation is practically unknown; a "flush toilet" means an old-fashioned outhouse—one for dozens of people. The water, usually at some distance, is drawn from a well; in some places one faucet serves a whole camp. No one pays much attention to the water for these workers—a whole camp near here is sick from its tainted supply. Dozens of ragged, dirty children everywhere—barefoot and bareheaded in this scorching dusty heat.

The food is insufficient and poor—and these are the people who are doing the work to supply the country with vegetables and fruit! Working constantly at the current wages (below the subsistence level), a man can make perhaps $800 during the year; but it is not entirely year-round work. And it is customary with the Farmers' Association to keep a surplus supply of labor around, thereby forcing down the wages. The great tragedy of it all is that these laborers are, for the most part, ex-farmers from the Middle West—people forced from their farms by drought, by flood, and by inability to pay taxes. As one woman said, "We got a house back in Oklahoma, but we couldn't eat it."

This work used to be done by Mexicans or Orientals, but now mostly by Americans—the descendants of the pioneers. There's no future in it—no hope. It's a group of fine people completely beaten down. The older ones remember the past, but what happens to the children? The situation threatens to become another Southern share-croppers' horror. And, understand, there are thousands of these people (no exaggeration).

It is about the most appalling sight to look at one of these camps—delivers a terrific blow to the famous American standard of living.

Even as I reread this letter I realize that it doesn't carry any of the horror that it should—the dirt, the flies, the heat—or the wretchedness of the equipment and clothes.

One would have to see pictures of the wretched people, or perhaps visit the camps, to realize the awful misery to the full.—*Emily Haas.*

A PINOCHLE SET-UP

PROSPECT PARK, PA.—On Thursday I was playing cards, pinochle, and at my table each of the four players had an equal division of the suits; for instance, each had three hearts, three spades, etc. What is the mathematical chance of such a hand being dealt?

I have been playing pinochle for many years, but never came across a set-up like this. I have often had three of a suit, but never have known each of the four players to have a similar hand. —*Florence R. Myers.*

GUNNING FOR JEROME BARRY

FORT ETHAN ALLEN, VT.—Author Barry (Liberty, June 12) erred not slightly but wholly when he stated, in Hate Is a Bullet, that "when you shove the clip into an automatic, one cartridge goes into the chamber."

'Tisn't so. The only time a bullet will go into the chamber is when the slide is back when the clip is inserted and the slide is then released. When the slide is in its normal position (forward) and a clip is inserted in the magazine, a bullet does not go into the chamber. What Mr. Barry needs is a little recruit drill. —*J. C. Whitfield.*

TIME OUT

PALOUSE, WASH.—Alas, I shall never again see her hide her shy face behind her graceful hands.

I shall never again lie in bed and hear her quiet voice.

Never again will she help me while away the time.

I used to cast glances at her throughout the day and often in the night, but I never shall again.

I used to love and honor her, but she is no use to me now.

Alas! My dollar watch has stopped. —*Bill Call.*

LAWYER FOR WIDOW MABEL GREEN PUTS US STRAIGHT

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I have read with more than usual interest the article on the Green estate litigation appearing in June 5 Liberty, because I am one of the minor members of the battery of so-called "high-priced" lawyers representing the widow Green.

I write to call your attention to two inaccuracies in your excellent article. The real facts on these points might be of interest to you and your readers.

First: There never was any $625,000 given to Mrs. Green at the time of marriage. This mistaken report arose (it is believed) out of an erroneous newspaper article appearing in 1917. The fact is that Colonel Green deposited bonds worth $425,000 in trust with the Columbia Trust Company (now the Chase National Bank) for the lifetime of Mabel in order to produce the pin-money allowance of $1,500 per month about which you speak. On Mabel's death this $425,000 reverts to the *Green* family and Mabel has no right or interest in the principal of the fund.

Second: Widow Green is not even as well off as you paint her, because, under the advice of her "high-priced" lawyers, she cannot, at one and the same time, *accept* the $1,500 per month and *contest* the agreement under which it is given.

However, we think she has more than a possibility of winning.—*Ernest Scott.*

MACFADDEN IS RIGHT

DAYTON, OHIO—Macfadden is right: deport the aliens—they've only been here half as long as those whose mamas and papas came over. . . . But those whose mamas and papas came over haven't been here half as long as those whose great-grandmas and great-grandpas came over. . . . And even they haven't been here nearly as long as those whose ancestors are supposed to have come over on the Mayflower. . . .

It's too bad there aren't enough Indians left to give the land back to.—*Trevis Madden.*

SPENDS PENNIES TO BE SMART

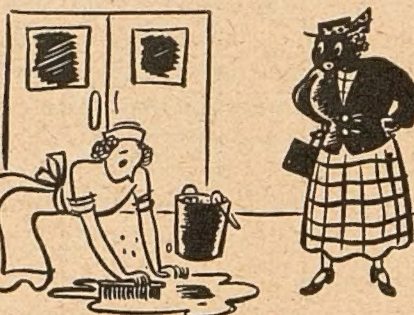
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Why should any one spend three cents in cash and several more pennies' worth of time to point out an error in a story?

Simply, I imagine, to show he is smarter than the people who write stories for Liberty.

Only the writer is paid, and the Vox Popper is hooked for his three cents plus.—*A. E. F.*

MR. VANDERBILT, HOW COME?

COCOA, FLA.—Where did a nurse (in training) ever scrub hospital floors, as is stated on page 10, June 12 Liberty, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in his splendid (so far) new story? Having come in contact with not a few nurses and hospitals, I have, so far, found this duty performed by colored maids. I hope this will in no way reflect on Mr. Vanderbilt, as I like his writings.—*M. W.*



PAYS WEEK IN ADVANCE FOR EMERALD ANNIE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Whoever these two men, Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot, are who wrote Alias Emerald Annie, that has been running in Liberty now for several weeks, they certainly are clever. Not only clever, but they know that Central American country like a book.

I too have been down there, and am thoroughly familiar with the locale and the types of men mentioned in this story. It is enthralling to me and I can hardly wait for the next week's installment.

I pay the cigar-stand girl in my hotel a week in advance to keep a copy of Liberty for me, so that I will not miss out on one number.—*Mae Osier.*

DAUGHTER WANTS TO MARRY, BUT—

HOMESTEAD, FLA. — Listen, folks! What does a girl do when she wants to marry her mother off to a dear sweet middle-aged gentleman who will be her all-in-all?

It's this way. I've been putting off my own marriage for over four years . . . and the nicest man in all the world is getting tired of waiting. I can't ask him to support my family—mom's got two kids still in school. I've been supporting them for five years, and honestly, it is getting me down.

Mom's the sweetest thing and would make a dandy wife for some nice man, but I can't afford to dress her so she can go out into the mildest sort of "society" where nice men are to be found. It's all I can do to clothe the kid sis, who can wear my shoes but cannot yet step into them.

I'm willing to help with the expenses—I could manage that, after my own marriage—but I just wish I did not have it all. The kids need their mother in the home. She can't go out and slave her life away at some inadequately paid job, and then let them run the streets. (Too many kids are "running the streets," many of whom have both parents and a bank account back of the family.) Mom doesn't believe in this, nor do I. Gimme some advice, folks.—*Puzzled Daughter.*

ONLY A YEAR'S DIFFERENCE

DENVER, COLO.—In June 5 Liberty, Mr. Vox Popee quoted from Frank Menke's All-Sports Record Book: "Jack Johnson *won actual title* by knocking out Jim Jeffries in Reno, July 4, 1910, in 15 rounds."

This is my first pop-off. Either Frank Menke is wrong or the quotation is in error. I know, because I moved to Colorado in September of 1910, and the following July 4 (1911) I lost a bright new dollar on that fight. No, I'm not Scotch. —*E. T. C.*

WHEN RED IS GREEN

CHICAGO, ILL.—Referring to Synthetic Cinderella by Peter Paul O'Mara (June 12 Liberty) and illustrated by William Reusswig:

After reading this story of the gorgeous male, I can't blame the artist for seeing red even though the author specifies that his heroine Sylvia wore a green linen dress and not red as illustrated on page 27.

Red may be attractive, but why not have author and illustrator agree?—*Myrtle Wilhelm.*

HOW SAILORS SPEND THEIR LEISURE HOURS

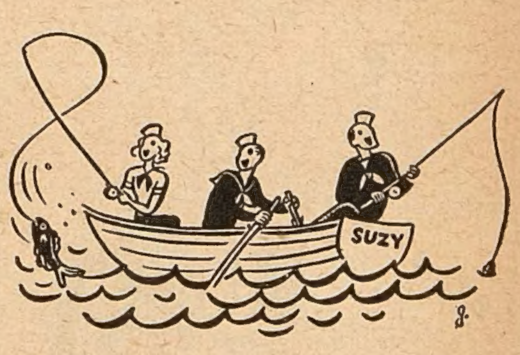
SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—I was slightly amused by the recent letter in your columns of a gob who, claiming to represent the whole United States Navy, took indignant and virtuous exception to a correspondent who classed sailors with "drifters, panhandlers, and bums."

If that sweet lily really knew the men he had been sailing with he would have been shocked to the core.

Irene Kuhn placed gobs in the correct category. I should know. I am one. —*L. R. C.*

GALVESTON, TEX.—I would suggest Miss Kuhn consult records of attendance at the Exposition in San Diego in 1935 and 1936. She would learn that, in a town where there are about 40,000 sailors, the tawdry attractions folded up from lack of patronage, and that sailors in attendance at the educational exhibits far outnumbered civilians.

My husband is an enlisted man; we are both young and pretty lively and we are stationed in a resort town that is quite lively, and do you know how we and the other naval personnel stationed here spend our leisure hours? We go fishing! There, Miss Kuhn, is your sailor, not the man of lewd tastes you were trying to depict!—*Mrs. "John Gob."*



1,500,000 MORE MALES THAN FEMALES

HOQUIAM, WASH.—"Facts are stubborn things." Editor Musser of Salt Lake (May 29 Vox Pop), in extolling the virtues of polygamy, evidently ignores the statistics of the census report of 1930 for the United States, which registers an excess of about a million and a half males over females.

Under the circumstances, will he please explain how this "celestial marriage system of the Mormon Church" (à la King Solomon) is to be carried out? Probably he is in favor of making eunuchs out of five sixths of the males, so that the remaining one sixth may establish harems.

"Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and our vital statistics give a two-and-a-half-percent advantage in favor of the establishment of polyandry over polygamy.

If Editor Musser held a one-sixth interest in a wife, would it "tend to subdue jealousy and selfishness and awaken the soul to loftier ideals"?—*W. M. Landis.*

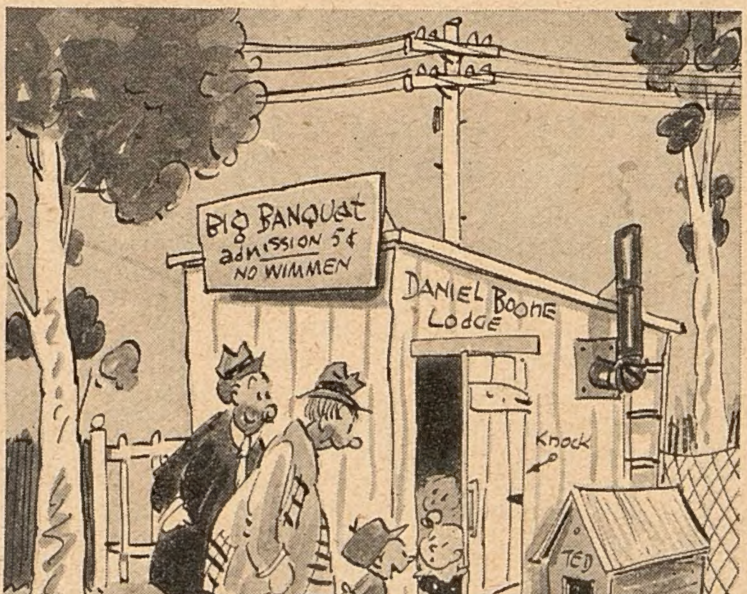
WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A SCRAPBOOK?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A friend has lately presented me with a scrapbook. I would like some advice as to what to do with it.

Perhaps your readers would suggest uses for it.—*A. C. Libby.*

"HARDTACK"

By Reamer Keller



"They heard about our banquet and want to know if we could use a couple of guest speakers."

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

JOHNSONBURG, PA.—A train was pulling away from the station when an excited woman screamed for it to stop.

The conductor signaled the engineer with the pull cord, the brakes screeched, and the train ground to a halt one hundred yards down the track.

Speechless from running, the woman sprinted alongside the mail car and handed the clerk a penny postcard.

NIEGOWICE, POLAND—Anna Symanyszyn, a young teacher, became jealous because her husband flirted with other women.

She took her revenge by putting a chain around her husband's neck and keeping him in a dog kennel for a week.

Anna refused to feed or release her husband until he promised to stop even looking at other girls. He was rescued from the kennel by the police on complaint of the neighbors.

HAMMONTON, N. J.—Volunteer firemen id not respond when George Ruggerto elephoned an alarm for a fire in his home. So he drove to the firehouse, five miles away. No firemen were there.

He commandeered a fire truck, drove it home, and put out the blaze.

SEATTLE, WASH.—Police Judge William R. Bell ordered "No parking" signs changed after F. L. Wagner, a motorist, successfully defended parking in front of a sign which read, "No parking from 8 A. M. to 12 P. M."

"Is 12 P. M. noon or midnight?" Wagner asked.

"I don't know," said the magistrate.

"On that I rest my case," said Wagner triumphantly. He was dismissed.

CLEVELAND, OHIO—A man carrying a typewriter stolen from a lunchroom was stopped by Patrolman George Turck.

The suspect appeared to be amazed. He demanded indignantly, "Who put this typewriter under my arm?"

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE

MONROE DOCTRINE

Well, my wife has tried everythin, but she dont get no releif. She cannot do her hous-work, she is dizzy and run-down most all the time. The doctrine she's been havin up to date dont help her none, so if you can send me a bottle of Monroe Doctrine in plane rapper, I will have my wife try it & let you know.—Ezra Dill.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY ROBERT C. KAUFFMANN

WHY JEAN HARLOW DIED

Youth, beauty, wealth—and yet she died!

WHY?

Fame, friends, courage—and yet she died!

Again—WHY?

Somewhere in the web that made up the golden life of the screen's famous Platinum Blonde lies the thread which led her to Fate's one-way door from which there is no return. Edward Doherty, in an intensely gripping series that begins next week in Liberty, traces this fateful thread and reveals the solution of the enigma—

WHY JEAN HARLOW DIED

Jean Harlow

GIVE US MORE PLANES—OR GOD HELP US!

Do you know that the United States ranks sixth or seventh in world airplane strength? That with two long coast lines to defend, we have available only about 300 fighting-type planes? That an enemy with *only three* airplane carriers could mobilize off our shores sufficient air force to keep our entire combat air group occupied?

The U. S. fighting air force is tragically inadequate, warns Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard in a vividly important article in Liberty next Wednesday. The solution? General Bullard also presents that, and dramatically points out that we have been neglecting it for more than a decade!

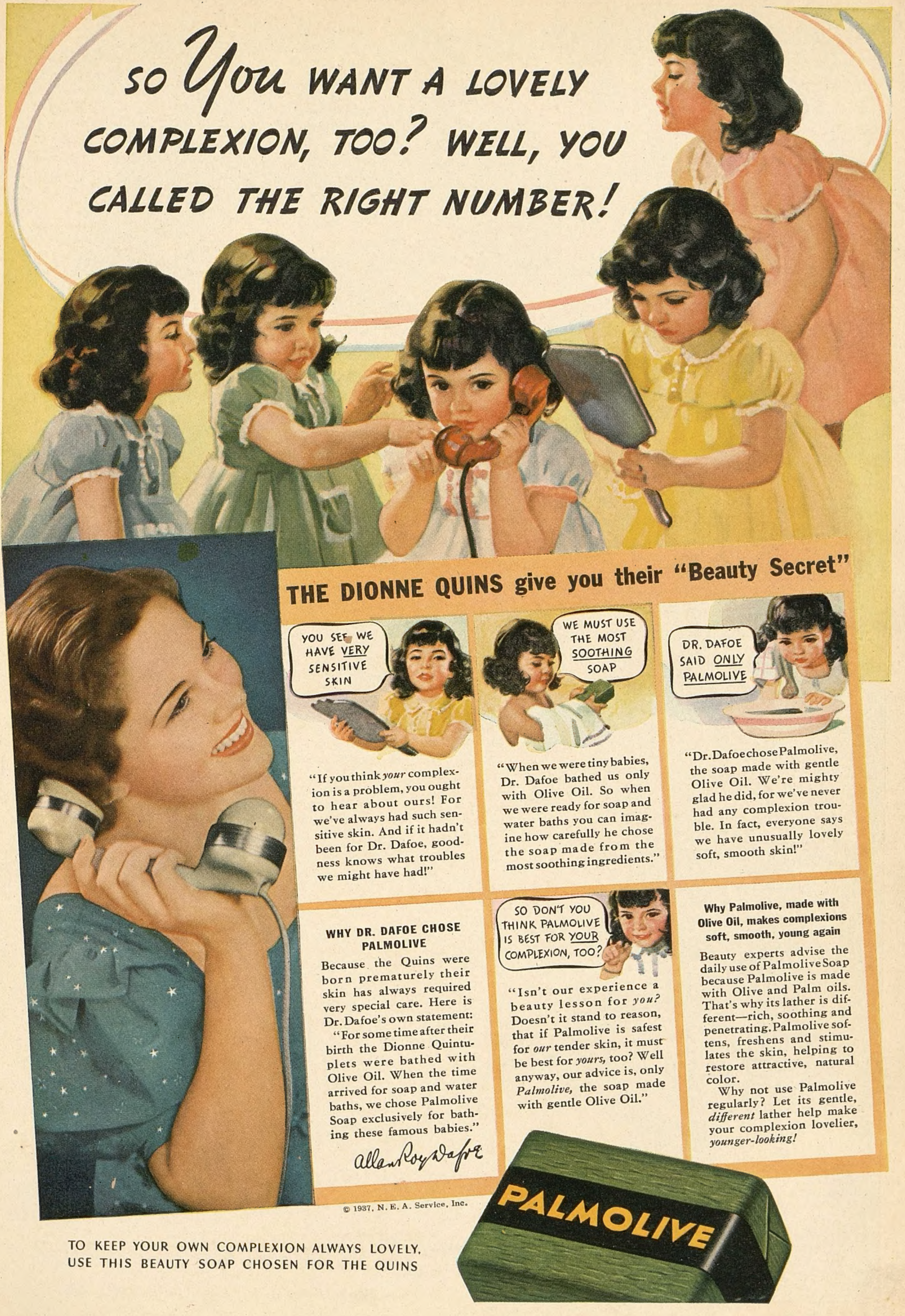
LIVE ALONE WITH YOUR RELATIVES

How can you have a private life if you're entirely surrounded by relatives? How can you keep mothers, fathers, wives, husbands, children from wrecking the pattern of your own existence? The bright young modern who wrote Live Alone and Like It—Marjorie Hillis—knows all the answers and tells them to you in Liberty next Wednesday.

Other articles and stories by Borden Chase, Courtney Ryley Cooper, John Erskine, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE JULY 21

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday



SO *You* WANT A LOVELY COMPLEXION, TOO? WELL, YOU CALLED THE RIGHT NUMBER!

THE DIONNE QUINS give you their "Beauty Secret"

YOU SEE WE HAVE VERY SENSITIVE SKIN

"If you think *your* complexion is a problem, you ought to hear about ours! For we've always had such sensitive skin. And if it hadn't been for Dr. Dafoe, goodness knows what troubles we might have had!"

WE MUST USE THE MOST SOOTHING SOAP

"When we were tiny babies, Dr. Dafoe bathed us only with Olive Oil. So when we were ready for soap and water baths you can imagine how carefully he chose the soap made from the most soothing ingredients."

"Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive, the soap made with gentle Olive Oil. We're mighty glad he did, for we've never had any complexion trouble. In fact, everyone says we have unusually lovely soft, smooth skin!"

WHY DR. DAFOE CHOSE PALMOLIVE

Because the Quins were born prematurely their skin has always required very special care. Here is Dr. Dafoe's own statement:

"For some time after their birth the Dionne Quintuplets were bathed with Olive Oil. When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we chose Palmolive Soap exclusively for bathing these famous babies."

Allan Roy Dafoe

SO DON'T YOU THINK PALMOLIVE IS BEST FOR YOUR COMPLEXION, TOO?

"Isn't our experience a beauty lesson for *you?* Doesn't it stand to reason, that if Palmolive is safest for *our* tender skin, it must be best for *yours,* too? Well anyway, our advice is, only *Palmolive,* the soap made with gentle Olive Oil."

Why Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, makes complexions soft, smooth, young again

Beauty experts advise the daily use of Palmolive Soap because Palmolive is made with Olive and Palm oils. That's why its lather is different—rich, soothing and penetrating. Palmolive softens, freshens and stimulates the skin, helping to restore attractive, natural color.

Why not use Palmolive regularly? Let its gentle, *different* lather help make your complexion lovelier, *younger-looking!*

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TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY,
USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20

Gary Cooper

SAYS:

"It's common sense for me to prefer Luckies"

"A little over a year ago I changed to Luckies because I enjoy their flavor. Ever since, my throat has been in fine shape. As my throat means so much in my business, it's common sense for me to prefer this light smoke. So I'm strong for Luckies!"

Gary Cooper

Star of the Paramount Picture "SOULS AT SEA"

The Finest Tobaccos—"The Cream of the Crop"

We told a smoker what Gary Cooper says about Luckies. He replied: "Then they ought to be easy on my throat, too!" We told him how other artists of the screen, stage, radio and opera also prefer Luckies. We explained that Luckies are a light smoke because the process "It's Toasted" removes certain throat irritants naturally present in all tobacco. The smoker said: "That sounds sensible. I'll try Luckies!"... Why don't you try them, too?

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

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